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MELL NOELL. THE LIGHT-KEEPER'S TREASURE.

A ROMANCE

Of England, France and Italy.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII



visitor to the most brilliant capitol in Europe, upon the first impressions he conceived after his arrival there, wrote home, in one line, "See Paris, and die!"

How far such performance and such a consequence might be agreeable to other peopen question," determined to the opinion, how-

Continent now-a-days, will rather exclaim—" See. Paris, and live!"

At any rate, such was Alfred Wilford's idea when he found himself at the gay city alluded to, a few weeks after the events set down in our last chapter. He had relinquished all hope of sequiring a fortune, at home, and through the aid of Manfred and a few of his friends, he was able to travel, and to begin to try the world upon his own account.

able to travel, and to begin to try the world upon his own account. But he had other cogent reasons for leaving England. His pride of heart had been hurt. He knew he had been reakless in approaching Charlotte Simplon, for he now any how hollow ware her pretensions to admiration—not to speak of the leve of a high-minded man. But, if he lived, he was determined to be averaged for the contunely she had thrown upon him, when he was utterly defenceless. He flattered himself that Miss Simplon would live long enough, too, to see the difference, perhaps, between simple glitter and solid gold.

glitter and solid gold.

The season was unusually gay and spirited, and Paris was never seen to better advantage than at the time of Wilford's arrival. An entusiant in his profession, the young man had come to a field where his penell could find ample occupation—whether he chose to sketch from the hurried world around him, or to pass his hours in quiet at the Louvre or the Academis des Arts. And he sat down with the determination of availing himself of the advantages that surrounded him.

Paris! Paris—the cradle of the

Paris! Paris—the cradle of fashion and folly, Parisi — The cradle of fashion and folly, the resort of polished gamblers, roses, and spend-thrift ladies, the home, at once, of gorgous wealth and wretched poverty. Paris, swarming with adventures, beggars, princies, potentase, and travellers from every nation under the sun. Paris, with its revolutions, its barricades, its compromises, and its canaille. Paris, with its elden of beautiful women and ugly men, its magnificent thearres, its palaces, its hovels, its virtue and its crimes—a garden of art and beauty and refluencest, and a den of intrigue, corruption and woe—the Paris of the world, where literature, science and statesmanship abound, the gayest or the most souther city of the universe. Paris, the loss ideal of Wilford's imagination, was now his abiding place. His journey was at an end—so be then thought, and he went to work with a heavity good will in the prosecution of his good intentions.

good intensions.

All day he studied at his easel, and he realized the benefit of thorough systematic application. When evening came, it was his custom to stroll along the Boulevards, or wander through the crowded thoroughfares and gardens, where he enter with much to entertain or instruct him. He had been in Paris a fortnight, when as he was retarning one ovening to his logdings, over the Pont dee Fleurs, at a somewhat later hour than usual, he suddenly heard footsteps directly behind him, on the bridge. He was just turning about, when a hand touched him and a genule female voice said:

beggary was so common in the that Wilford turned away, and

would have passed on, but the hand detained him, genety, and repeated:
"Monsieur! For God's sake, give me money to save my starring mother."
Wilford halted, hesitated; for the appeal seemed to his ear all too genuine to be disregarded.
"Where do you live?" he inquired, as he placed his hand upon his but lightly diled purse.
"In the fauborg St. Germain, Rue Catalan."
"I will go with you, and see your sick mother."

"And do you thus obtain your subsistence?"
"Partly thus and partly by weary labor with my needle."
"Do you come hither often, my girl ?"
"Never but once befare to-night, monsieur."
"Hore are five france. Meet me again, at evening, on the day after to-morrow, and tell me if I can serve you further."

The girl hurried quickly away, and Wilford returned to his lodgings in deep thought. The tone of voice, the delicacy of the girl's manner, the novelty of the trifling adventure, served to interest him. He might have been deceived, but he feit that he had done a good action, and he legt more quietly, he believed, than if he had passed the beggar by without notice.

On the following morning, be young artist had occasion to open a small port-folio that he had not previously needed for some time, and which contained some sketches which he had acken while at home. As he turned down one of the pockets of this book, an envelope fell upon the floor. Upon taking it up, he found it addressed to himself, in a delicate hand that he had never seen before, and he quickly opened it to read the following lines:
"Upon the poorest soil, may occasionally be found, in a state of nature, the most delicate and arraset of plants. In the quiet valley, unseen and uncared-for by the passer-by, the modest lify tears her head, and blooms and dies unnoticed. Among the humblest denizens of society, there be those who could rival the beauty and stateli-

and uncared-for by the passer-by, the medest fily rears her head, and blooms and dies unnotieed. Among the humblest deriness of society, there be those who could rival the beauty and stateliness of the queens of the earth, were the opportunity afforded them in comparison. Virtue and insocence are Heaver's gifs, and should outshine the glitter and tinsel of artificial worth. "You will read these lines, Wilford, sooner or later, but will you confide in their truth? At least, you will not deem them obtrasive. They are penned at the moment of parting by one who is not ashmed to acknowledge that she—" and this was all! "Upon my word," said Wilford, reading the curious document over again, "this is really very Frenchy."

How it came in the port-folio, who wrote it, how long it had been there, he was entirely at a loss to determine. But what its termination should have been, or rather what was intended to be conveyed by the last unfinished sentence, was the most inexplicable of all; "not ashamed to acknowledge that she—" what " What " " Who " " " " How could any one have found access to his private sketch-book!"

was the most inexplicable of all; "not ashamed to acknowledge that she—" what!
"Who was 'she '\$ What 'parting' did it refer to \$! How could any one have found access to his private sketch-book!"
Wilford asked these questions, over and over again, but he could not find replies for them. Was it Miss Simplon! No. Could it have been Neilly! No. Who then and to whom would the sentiments apply! The youth was completely in the dark.

Frompt to his appointment, Wilford was present under the arches of the Pont des Fleurs, on the evening agreed upon. He had been tarrying fall an hour without meeting the object of his solicitude, and was about to return to his hotel when he suddenly encountered the figure, as he judged by the dress, of the looked for beggar.
"You have come, then; I had given you

up." Yes, I am here at the earliest moment

"And your mother ?"

"Ah, sir! your kindness has removed a load of trouble from my heart; I shall now be able to get on very well; for since I saw you last, I have found employment that will serve to supply

Read it, and you win be sense.

"It beggar was gone; and Wilford stood alone upon the bridge, holding in his hand a small packet, with which he hurried to his lodging, as soon as he recovered from his autonishment. Upon opening the letter, he was instants struck with the similarity of hand-writing to that of the mysterious communication he had found in his pore folio, and which ran as follows:

found in his port folio, and which ran as follows:

"Wilford, you may have met with a handwriting resembling this, before. At-any rate,
believe that a friend who watches you most
earnestly, and who would give her life to aid
you, is the author of this note. You must not
know her at present. You have a duty to per
form for yourself that she cannot interrupt or interfere with. Bear in mind, only, that she is
near you, and will care for you when others
slight, amony or deceive you. You cannot guess
her whereabousts, you cannot learn whence she
comes, or why she thus regards you, as present.
Time allows will develope to you, satisfactorily,
whether she is worthy of your remembrance and
regard. Purus the objects which induced you
to visit this land, which is not your home. Deserve the fame you seek, and fortme awaits zoou in the future. You will hear from her, againand when you least expect it. Go forward!
And bear in constant remembrance the beggar—
Morice."

"Who wouldn't dwell in Paris!" exclaimed.

Marie."

"Who wouldn't dwell in Paris!" exclaimed the artist, as he carefully refolded this delicately traced note, and placed it is his sketch-book. "Here is a plot, to be sure!"

Then comparing the two letters together, he felt sure that the same hand had traced them both, though he could not, for the life of him, decide upon who the author could possibly be. "N'imports!" he cried, at last; "she will undoubtedly prove my 'good angel,' for I think such beings may dwell even in wicked, turbulent, curious Paris. We may meet, perhaps, milady, hereafter."

And like a true philotopher, content with what he knows, when he can learn no more, our bero extinguished his light, and retired to dream of Marie, the beggar gill of the Pont des Fleurs!

CHAPTER VIII.

A MYSTERIOUS VISIT.

HARRY NOELL was the richest man in his vicinity—where there were no others, for miles!—and, with his beautiful yackt, so admirably appointed, be wouldn't have been wealthier, so he thought, if he could have been just as well as not. He was fully contented prior to his coming into possession of this appropriate and pretty piece of property, but now he felt as rich as a lord. He adplaced the light-house in charge of a friend, and embarking with his daughter, he crossed the Straits to Calais, and was absent from home three weeks, an unusual adventure in his experience, and affording Nelly a peep at the world away from Beachy Head for the first time in her life. On the day they returned to the light-house, after this excursion, there came to their dwelling two strangers, of respectable appearance, with a view, so they said, to examine the buildings and the coast in the immediate vicinity, on behalf of the government. Indeed they exhibited letters signed by British officials which satisfied Noell that all was right.

"We shall be engaged here a month, proble" the "steve aid" and we shall want a little more

"We shall be engaged here a month, proba-bly," they said, "and we shall want a little more roomy accommodations than your house affords,

"we snail be engaged nere a nount, pronshy," they said, "and we shall want a little more
roomy accommodations than your house affords,
Mr. Noell."

The premises were thoroughly examined, and
it was at length agreed that an addition should
be made, in the rear of the light, to the shed
attached to the house. A supply of stone was
readily found upon the beach and among the
crags, and workmen were at once set about puting up the enlargement required—while the two
strangers went, or pretended to go, up and down
the long beach, for the purpose of making such
philosophical observations as their instructions
from the government required. In a few days,
the place was finished to their satisfaction, being
made wind and water proof, the laborers were
paid off in good bright English gold, and the
new-comers, Captain Stask and Lieutenant
Brace, R. N., took possession, and housed their
implements and the instruments used in their
calling.

very facility within the light keeper's knowledge or reach was freely tendered to the two strangers, in order that they might be sided in carrying out the designs of the government, to the falless extent.

Matters proceeded quietly along, and no unnecessary questions were saked by either party. The two men at a the light keeper's table, padd him roundly in bright gold for all this attentions, and were continually buy. Whenever they left their lodging-place, however, they were exceedingly causitions about socarring the door, lest intruders, or perhaps the light keeper or his daughter, should stroll into the premises. There was only one small window, high up in the end of this newly constructed spartment, which shorded but a meager light; but this appeared sufficient for their paragon.

After a few days, their rambles on the seashors and up the beach were pretty much discontinued, and at the expiration of a fortright they had accreained all they winhed for custific of the building. During the next four days, maps and charts and drawings were exhibited and constituted by the two mens, in pretence of the family, and the captain found it necessary to go up to the scarces port village for materials that he needed, and then for letters; and then the literaturant was called away to town, and the took his large trush with him and brought is back again. And thus they managed for ten days longer, one or the other of the twain visiting the village, daily, and constantly carrying away language and returning with instruments, rolls of parchment, and other matters that they seemed to see in the prosecution of their instructions from the government.

Harry Nooll was not a man to indulge idle curiosity. But the whole deportment of the strangers, their describant accregi- and the length of time they occupied in consultation, or whatever it was, within doors, under lock, in that barren and uninhabited place, the extraordinary custs in that marked all their movements, when it appeared to him there could be no positioned to the pos

me new checostics, below the street of the ground. Noell continued to look around the trenches, and soon encountered a large and antiquated solid oaken chest, and then another, and then woo or three iron-bound smaller ones. Evidently all these had been dug out of the earth, there! The strangers brought no such luggage with them to the light house, and he would have known it had such cumbrous articles arrived there since. The character of the mystery became more and more complicated, at every turn and during every moment that he tarried to examine into it.

A portion of the trenches had been filled up, plainly. That is to say, it was clear that other places had been dug out, and filled in again, from disappointment, or other cause. The chast having been evidently found on his premises, he is once made up his mind that the right belonged to him to know what they contained—a very natural conclusion, by the way.

Upon looking a little farther, however, he discrid seven large jars, or vases, of antique models, that were carefully scaled up and were partially covered by freshly dug earth and gravel. These were very heavy, and Noell began to believe that an immense treasure had been found here, through some outside agency directing the two men to this guardicular yout. At first, from his natural good common sense, he was disinclined to entertain any such idea as that he—Harry Noell—the poor light-house-keeper, who

They were tarnished and uneren in color. Were they copper! He grasped as handful of them, nerrously, examined them hastily—they were clearly gold! Harry Noell was not usually an exci able man. But he was thunderstruck at this development. Without stopping a moment to reflect upon consequences, Noell seised an axe, and knocked the lid from one of the chests. He found it filled to the top with irregular heavy bars, that he took for lead, or composition metal. They were sold silver! He tried another, and the result was the same. What should he do? It was getting late, the "opptain" and his "licuiteant" would soon return. They had gone in search of horres to remove what they called their "lags, grag," and he'ere morning the treasure would vanish. What he did must be done quickly. And now he began to see light. These men were no government empleyees. They were advantures, robbers or pirates, perhaps—who had learned of the existence of this property, or, peradvanture had been prity to its secretion at some time previously. To whomesover it might c'inght belong, they had no rlaim to it, in his estimation. What could be do, under the circumstances, to protect it? Nelly was ignorant of the discovery, of ccurre; he was otherwise alone, in a lously place, and there were two tone, in the event of any controvery or conflict in regard to its detention. The men who could so couly plan a scheme to obtain the possession of this property, and who along one so far towards securing it, would not stop at any means to consummate intentions and wishes. Beadies this, it was something to contend for, to be sure!

All these thoughts, and more, rushed through the mind of the light keeper while he gazed upon the harvest thoughts, and more, rushed through the mind of the light keeper while he gazed upon the harvest thoughts, and more, rushed through the mind of the light keeper while he gazed upon the harvest thoughts, and more, rushed through the mind of the light keeper while he gazed upon the harvest thoughts, and more, rushed through t

German text.

"In ye side drawback ov ye escritoire, over ye backe, wille be found a paquet ov browne pappers. In ye firste ov thesee, are wristen ye pointes or ye compan witch willing died you to ye beech. On ye high rock wich pointes tu see, tu ye easte, marke we-te thirteene fadoms, and them southe elevenn fadoms. Dig deepe and meete ye wide flat stons. Them finde ye arche and passe benetche. Ye golde wille come belowe. T. * O O."

lowe. T. * O O."

This was all Greek to Harry Noell, but it was evident that from this and the charts mentioned, the men had found the precise spot where the treasure lay concealed. Lost in his thoughts for a moment, and unable to decide what course he should take next, he lingerfue, gasing on the precious display, when the sound of voices startled him—but riveted him to the spot where he stood. He was caught! There was no escape, it was too last to retreat!

"What's this!" yelled the captain, coming quickly to the door, as he saw it half-open. "By Jove, we're discovered!"

Backed by the lieutenant, the gallant captain in his migetigy sawy dashed into the apariment, and stood astounded, speechless, upon confronting the light-keper, alone in the middle of the middle of the

and stood astounded, speechless, upon confront-ing the light-keeper, alone in the middle of the

CHAPTER IX.

THE chagrin of the strangers was paralleled only by the firmness and gallant bearing of the hardy light keeper. He was used to peril, and he knew nothing about flinching in an emer-

ent, for he really believed that the alarmed in meant exactly what he said.

villain meant exactly what he said.
"Stand echoed the licetenant, fiercely, "for if his pistol misses you, I'll find your brain with this!" and another muzzle was levelled directly

this "" and another muzzle was levelled directly in his eye.

Noëll was unarmed and helpless. So he did not move from "his tracks," but, in a quiet tone, replied:

"GPhilemen, don't be in haste to destroy a friend. Cariosity has tempted me to go toe far; but, living, I can be worth a score of mardered light keepers to you, in his enterprise. Come, put saide those ugly-looking weapons, there, and let an stalk and act like men."

"Fine words, these," reforted the captain, "but what savurance will you give that you wont betray us?"

"You are two—and both are thoroughy armed."

"Fine words, these," retorted the captain, "but what assurance will you give that you wont betray us?"

"You are two—and both are thorougly armed. I sail not a fool, captain. Dictate your terms. I am alone, and defenceless, as you see."

The manner and apecto of the light-keeper surprised them, and they lowered their pistols.

"That is better," continued Noell. "Now, gealtemen, I have discovered your secret. I appeal to you in all fairness, then, whether or not I am entitled to share with you in this matter? This treasure was never earned by you, it nover came here by any honest means, it was not placed here by honest men. You, by some strange fortune, have been put upon the scent of it, you have found it almost the matter of it, you have found it almost the matter of it, you have found it almost the matter of it, you have found it almost the matter of it, you have found it almost the matter of it, you have found it almost on the sent of it, you have found it almost on the sent of it, you have found it almost on the sent of it, you have found it almost on the sent of it, you have found it almost on the sent of it, you have found it almost on the sent of it, you have found it almost on the sent of it, you have found it almost on the sent of it, you have found it almost on the sent of it, you have found it almost on the sent of its plane. I will decide with you for fine plane of the plane of the sent your plane, you can make me rich without stining yourselves. Shall we divide ""

"Boit so, gentlemen," added Noell, calmly. "You can are your pleasure—alwo or dead!"

"Boit so, gentlemen," added Noell, calmly. "You can set your pleasure—alwo or dead!"

"Boit so, gentlemen," added Noell, calmly. "You can set your pleasure—for you have the power in your own hands. Allow me to retire worthis gold, to night. You see I cannot prevent it?"

"Easy us then, to our work," replied the captain. "I have no wish to dabble in human blood, but the possession of this treature is life or death to us. If you do not molest us, we shall

Go 1" Giad to escape the peril he found himself in, on any terms, Noell did not loiter for a second hist on the subject, but instantly left the seom-drels to themselver; feeling in no wise certain that one or both of them might not conclude to send a pistol-ball after him as he passed through the door!

When he entered his own room, supper was already upon the table. A thought seemed suddenly to fissh upon him, and he said to Nelly:

already upon the table. A thought seemed saddenly to flash upon him, and he said to Nelly:

"Bring me the octagen flask from the medicine chest. Here is the key—quick!"

The flask was instantly brought. A bottle of wins stood upon the table, the custom of the strangers being to flaish their meal with a glass or two of Rhenish or Hock. As if nothing had cocurred to mar the customary family routine, Nelly called to the visitors that supper awaited them. Desirous to ald in diegaising the threat-cning scone that had so recently occurred, the women responded directly to the call of the daughter, and securing the door of their apartents, as usual, went in to the table as though nothing at all had happened to disturb them.

They are sparingly, and sipped a goblet of wine. The meal had been discussed rather silently, however, and Nelly was just upon the point of rallying her visitors on their unwonted reserve, when the capital's eyes suddenly became fixed in their sockets, and he sat stark and stiff in his chair, as if struck with asphyxia, or paralysis! The lieutenant empled his glass, gazed on his companion an instant, made a spasmodic effort to speak or rise, hat immediately his face palled, his muscles became rigid, and he, too, was a helpless as a statute!

"Quick, Nell," said her now excited father, "bring a rope! Lose no time in arking questions. Do as I bid you—don't get alarmed—where years are all of the proper time."

So accustomed, was Nelly to obey implicitly the parent's directions, relying on his judgment, as authority, that he had but to give his order to have it executed, if within her power. In a moment Nelly returned with a coil of rope-yarn.

"More, more, Nelly is oscure these rascals firmly," said Noell.

the still helpless forms of the strangers, and placed them out of sight within his sleepingroom. Then cautiously examining the cords that bound them, hands and feet, and securing the chairs to the wainscoting, he drew down the curtains, opened the windows for ventilation, and left the two rascals to temporary repose. Having now accomplished just what he could most have desired, though his means of crippling the two strangers had been entirely a chance operation, he see himself down to consider what his next course should be, under these circumstances.

the two strangers had been entirely a chance operation, he set himself down to consider what his next course should be, under these circumstances.

To say that like the most of the human race, Noell was not proof against the temptations connected with a mine of gold, would be only stating truth. He had never seen much money, in his day and calling, but had had ample opportunity in a life of five-and-forty years to ascertain the value of ready means. He now saw, within his grasp, an enormous fortune. What should he do?

Twenty-four hours later, and it would have vanished—but for his accidental discovery of it. What ought he to do? Did the treasure so found, hencath his hearthstone, under his roof, rightfully belong to these two men, who had come upon him thus steathilly and disembowelled it beneath his very dwelling! He answered no? without a scruple of conscience. Did the money belong to him or had be the right to dispose of it, as matters then stood, at least without legal authority? Had he any right whatever to seine upon this property, notwithstanding it was found on his grounds, and was still secreted within his matters then stood, at least without legal authority? Had he any right whatever to seine upon this property, notwithstanding it was found on his grounds, and was still secreted within his mind, and he would have "slept on it" but three was no time, now, for sleep!

Fortune—competency for the faturo—princely means for life—a splendid downy for his darling testing, as he resolved the matter over in his mind, and he would have "slept on it" but there was no time, now, for sleep!

Fortune—competency for the faturo—princely means for life—a splendid downy for his darling the competency for the faturo—princely means for life—a splendid downy for his darling the contrast of the contrast

itself to the light-keeper.

An hour had passed away since the two men finished their drugged wine, and their chances for a one third part, each, of the future they had so stealthly turned up from the bowels of the earth, had been lessening every moment since they concluded their very unlacky meal.

Noell turned the whole affair carefully over in his mind, and with a not unnatural leaning to self-interest in his agreements, at length resolved upon his fatter course.

"If" he continued, mentally, "if I were to lodge information against these thieres, or whisters they are, if I were to state to the government that this hoard of gold had been found by these men, who are, here plainly with forged letters and documents to decive me, what should I gain? The British government, the already battened officials who have grown obese upon the toil and hardships and sweat of the poor, would answer 'it is too much for so humblea citizen to look after, we will take care of it; it shall go to the crown." If I suffer these men now to be liberated, they will surely mucher me and my child, and none will ever be the water. In regard to our fate, or their whereabouts, when they shall have escaped with this mine of wealth. It shall be mine, it is mine it?

Harry Noell had resolved all doubts, and settled all computations to his own present satisfaction; and he felt that he was now answerable only to himself for the future consequences of the bold and determined step he had concluded upon.

CHAPTER X.

them. Desirous to aid in diegaising the threating seeme that had so recently occurred, the two men responded directly to the call of the daughter, and securing the door of their apartment, as usual, went into the tea tablo as though nothing at all that happened to distarch them. They are sparingly, and sipped a goblet of wins. The meal had been discussed ruber point of rallying her visitors on their unwonded ruserve, when the capitain's eyes suddenly became fixed in their sockets, and he sat stark and stiff in his chair, as if struck with and as spasmolic officer to speak or rise, but immediately his face paled, his muscles became rigid, and he, too, was as helplesa as a statue!

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"More, more, Nelly; to secure these rascals firmly," add Noell.

"Are they dond, fischer "exclaimed Nelly, agood deal concerned—hough still relying on her pagent's discretion—though the pagent's discretion and the still relying on her pagent's discretion—though still relying on her pagent's discretion—though the pagent's discretion and the still relying on her pagent's discretion—though the pagent's discretion and the still relying on her pagent's discretion—though the pagent's discretion and the pagent's discretion and the pagent's discretion and the pag

As this plan was entirely unexpected by Noell, he was for a moment at a loss what to do, or what reply to make. But he soon recovered himself, and said in an easy tone:

"The luggage is here, and I will help you to get it down. The captain will be up to morrow morning, with his friend."

"He thought he would come with us to-night, but I told him it would one on the unit of the would get tired."

"Yes. He will not go, now. You may look for when the would get tired."

"Yes. He will not go, now. You may look for the would get tired."

"O, yes, we understand that. He said there were some large cheets, and a variety of things, some trunks of heavy books and implements, and the like. We'll see to them all, carefully," continued the skipper of the boat. In a short time a portion of the heavy (but empty) chests were aboard, with sundry articles, nearest at hand, which Noel selected with a view to appear to carry out the captain's intentions with the boatmen.

Noell followed the men down to the beach for

boatmen.

Noell followed the men down to the beach for the last time, at length; and handing the skipper a large roll, he said:

"This is all. How long will it take to row

the last time, at length; and handing the skipper a large roul, he said:

"This is all. How long will it take to row
up?"

"Well, a good voyage to you."

The boatman said "good morning," and the
sound of the dipping oars was soon lost in the
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sound of the dipping oars was soon lost in the
sound of the was the special oars
the light-term of the last prisoners were confined,
but both were breathing heavily—not having
wakened from the moment they so undealy fell
saleep.

"Capital!" exclaimed Nosil. "Where ignorance is bliss, good gentlemen, 'were folly to be
wise. You seem to be enjoying yourselves
vautly, though upon my word you sleep heavily.
However, you will wake up by-and-by, and I am
sure you will feel greatly relieved, after this
sound rest, for which you ought to feel very
grateful to me, though I have no doubt, you will
abuse me, hereafter for it! Sleep on. Your
luggage has goon forward, agreeably to your
directions; you will have no further trouble on
that score."

Then placing a pitcher of water before each of
them, and a dish of bread and meat upon a little
table between them, he earefully released the
hands of the lieutenant, in order that he might
geod-eight," and left them firmly locked in
the arms of Sommus.

Not a moment was now lost. Hastily making
up his wardrobe, and bidding Nelly do the same,
we see start and the best of their perils, their labors, and their troubles,
forever!

It was far into the middle of the following day,
when a pricking sensation, dirts, and then a

their perils, their labors, and heir troubles, forever!

Li was far into the middle of the following day, when a prickling sensation, first, and then a record manner one shock or start was felt by the captain, who lasily opened his eyes, but seemed either too tired or too weak to determine where he was. After a few minutes, however, he rallied and attempted to get up; but found that his arms and hands and legs were tied fast together, while his whole body was secured firmly to the chair in which he was bound, immovably.

He cried out faintly at first, and then more audibly to the lieutenant, who took not the slightest notice of his appeals, however.

"Dead?" mattered the captain.

"Say, leftenant? Are you dead?" but the coho of his own voice was all the response he obtained.

"Say, leftenant! Are you dead?" but the obtained.

Various were the captain's devices to get near enough to his companion to touch him in some war, but all was useless—be was bound hand and foot, and the thing was impossible. Desperate, at last, he yelled for assistance.

"Help! Help, here! Hille—hille! Murder—help, help! Help, here! Hille—hille! Murder—help, help!"

Bat no one came. The sun shone on, noon passed, and a raging thirst attacked the captain the water stood before him, but he could not reach it. "Left'enant!" he screamed, in his agony—and his companion suddenly stared and said, "down with him! down—"and then, putting his released hands to his forchead, he cried "Gad! What is all this!"

Very soon he recovered himself, woke up, and looked to behold the captain tied to a huge old chair, and to find himself in a similar dilemma. As quickly as he could he god a knife from his pocket and commenced to severe the cords that confined him. Then gulping down a draught of water, he staggered towards the captain and cut away the ropes that detained him in bondage. As soon as their thirst had been quenched, a storm of ansthrenas was poured upon the head of the light-keeper, who they swore was the cause of all this.

They dashed to the door, wild with excitent and madness, only to find themselves fast lock-

They dashed to the door, wild with excitemen

of all this.

They dashed to the door, wild with excitement and madness, only to find themselves fast lock-din! Their pistols had been taken from them, and there was no implement in the room with which they could force an opening. At length, the captain seized a chair. After a long trial the fastenings gave way, and the prisoners emerged once more into the main room, and from thence into the open air and liberty.

They found the light-house deserted. On decending to the scene of their faste toil, they discovered that most of the chests were gone, and those that remained behind were broken and empty. The yacht was nowhere to be seen, and the lamps in the cone of the light-house were still berming. It was evident that Mr. Noell and his daughter had taken summary leave! The whole of the treasure had disappeared, the two men were exceedingly weak and ill from the effects of the druggling and their confinement, and their feelings may well be fancied as they turned mourfully towards the dwelling, at least, filled with mortification and disappolatment! as they turned mournfull at least, filled with m

"This is a precious termination to our job," said the captain, moodily.

"What do you now propose to do ?" asked

"What do you now propose to do 1" asked the other.

"What can we do, to be sure 1" replied the captain, half in reply and half in query to himself." What can be done! But for the two jars of doubloons which we carried away with us, we should now be penniless. And the infernal rascal has had it all in his own way! Why should we not have been more cautions about that single goldet of vine """ I never knew a case of drugging—"

"Poisoning, man!"
"Well, I never knew a similar case," said the licutenant, "where he effect was so instantanous, except where death was produced."
"Ay! But we might both have been killed, you see, as it was, for sught he cared."
"No, I don't think he meant death," said the licutenant.

lieutenant.

"Well, lef'—I tell you what I mean," continued the captain, as he set his tecth firmly, and backed it by an oath, "I mean death to Harrison, Roell, if ever I meet him again in this world!"

"And well he deserves it," replied his friend. "But come, we must leave this place. We have been here now, fall long. Let us secure what we have saved, and leave the wreck to its fate."

"We will depart at once," continued the cap-tain; "but not until we have destroyed this in-fernal trap, that has been at once our fortune and our ruin. What's this?" he added, pick-ing up a letter, addressed to a man at the vil-lage, and which upon opening he found contain-d a request from Noell that the person would come down, and take charge of the light-house, lest accidents should occur from the absence of the lights.

and a sequest from Nosil that the person would come down, and take charge of the light-house, lest acadents should occur from the absence of the lights.

"And who did he suppose would be his letter-bearer!" said the capisla, savagely. "Not a vestige, not a shilling's worth of this pile shall be left standing, that fire will destroy." And true to his word he tore the letter to pieces, and without further delay commenced to carry his threat into execution.

The two adventurers heaped up the old furniture and combatibles into the centre of the rooms, after ransacking the premises to ascertain if anything of value could be taken away, and gathering together all the roops and dry sails that could be found, they added these to the pile, and prepared to depart. It was near nightful when they took to their small boat and put away from the beach, after effectually firing the premises in all directions.

A little after dark, the inhabitants of the village were alarmed by the cry of "fire?" A dense snoke at first and then a spire of living fiame shot high up from the lower extremity of the beach, which told the residents too plainly that the light-house was in flames. Aid was immediately despatched, but full two hours elapsed before the neighbors could reach the seene. When they did arrive, all was as still as death itself! The light-house was a smouldering mass of rains, but no voices broke the silence save those of the xewly arrived friends. Noell and his daughter could not be found, his well-known dory floated at the end of the reef, and it was cleare to the mids of all present that they had been smothered and buried in the ruins!

CHAPTER XI.

SPECULATIONS AND CONCLUSIONS

As soon as the requisite inquiries could be made, on the day or two succeeding the destruction of the light-house, it was discovered that the yacht lastly presented to Noell was missing, and it further came out that the two oc called government, officers were also gone—no coe knew whither. They were known to have been in the village the day but one before the burning, and it was also shown that Noell had sided in getting away some of their luggage, which they were to follow to the village the next day. Upon opening the tranks, nothing was found in them! And upon communicating with the pre-department, it turned out that no such commission had ever been authorized, and that they were arrant impostors.

mission had ever been authorized, and that they were arrant imposions. Nothing further had since been seen or heard of these two men. It was therefore concluded, that, for purposes of their own, they had, probably murdered Noell and his daughter, pillaged the premises, set fire to the light-house to cover up their tracks, and then seizing upon the yachts, which was known as a fast sailer and a valuable vessel, had escaped to parts unknown. This very plausible theory, under all the circumstances, was generally adopted, and steps were taken by the pablic authorities to search for the fugitives—but neither the men nor the Waif could any where be found.

One morning, a week after the catastrophe,

anywhere be found.

The more and the more anywhere be found, anywhere be found, anywhere be found, any Barton House," upon meeting with the following in one of the journals of the day.

"A frightful piece of intelligence reached town, last evening, by the southern mails, giving the details of a most unfortunate scene at the lighteness, Beachy Head. The buildings have been destroyed completely by fire, and the well-known keeper of the light—Harry Noell, and his daring and beautiful daughter, perished in the flames!

ing and beautiful daughter, perished in the flames!

"It farther appears that two scoundrels, whose real names have not yet transpired, but who palmed themselves off by means of forged credentials, upon the good graces and hospitallities of Noell, as 'officers in his majesty's naval service,' have latterly been quartered at he light, for ostensible purpose, but really for objects of plunder, probably. These men were known to have been with Noell up to the day before the fire, and since then have not been seen.

"A fine yacht, the property of Noell, is also gone, and it is very apparent that these knaves have escaped in her. It is believed that they quarreiled with the light-keeper, probably murdered him and his child, set fire to the dwelling and buildings, for the purpose of hiding their atrocious guilt—and fied, carrying off in the yeacht the plunder they may have obtained.

"We trust that the gully wretches may quickly be found, and delivered over to the king's

ministers of justice. A temporary floating light has been stationed off Beachy Hoad, until another building can be erected, and meantine as will be seen, the authorities have properly offered a reward of five handrad pounds sterling for the arrest and delivery of the authors of this dis-builds telling.

arrest and delivery of the authors of this disbolical crime."

This feasful juice of news shocked young
Manfred greatly, and he addressed a letter to
Wilford in Fresi immediately, enclosing him all
the details he could obtain. The young millioniare was reist immediately, enclosing him all
the details he could obtain. The young millioniare was really deeply more off for the unimely fatte of the light-keeper, and especialty of his
interesting eduld, whom he had chanced to become acquisitude with under such favorable circumstances, to them.

When Wilford received the letters and journals containing the particulars of the outrage,
he was completely unnerved. He had never
cassed to remember Nocil and his daughter with
the liveliesi gratitude and the highest considerations of friendship, for he had had ample proof
that they possessed more than the ordinary allowance of the "milk of human kindness" in
their compositions. He had already planned a
surprise for them, having but recently laid in a
beautiful picture of Nelly, from recollection,
which he was about to complete and forward to
Beachy Head, without notice, in order that they
might see how well he had horne in mind the
features of her who had been so kind and so useful to him at a time when he needed succor and
friendly attention. The likeness in this picture
was very ravindly, and a sweeter contour was
never put on canvass. Even Wilford hinself
was autonished and delighted with his succes;
and until he examined carefully the admirable
was avoin the stream of the stream of the formost artists in Paris. The beautiful ideal he
had thus finished, was leaded by his compers
of the proper of the proper of the formost artists in Paris. The beautiful ideal he
had thus finished, was leaded by his compers
on desired the productions of the formost artists in Paris. The beautiful ideal he
had thus finished, was leaded by his compers
on deriver that rivalled the productions of the formost artists in Paris. The beautiful ideal he
had thus finished,

from the same source, was not a little per-plexing.

But who sees Marie? In vain had he endear-nord, for eight long months, to unravel this mys-tery. Thrice within a few weeks he had now been favored with fresh evidences, in the shape of these agreeable missives, that this same "Marie" was not far distant from him; and the last note, which he had just/landestinely received, breathed a spirit of romance and beauty that more than ever impelled the young arist to seek out the retreat of its accomplished and singular author. "You were born, Wilford," ran this letter.

a spirit of romance and beauty that more than ever impelled the young artists to seek out the retreat of its accomplished and singular author.

"You were born, Wilford," ran this letter, "under the bright star of good fortune. Have you experienced the trials, the mishaps, the disappointments that lurk about the path of the indigent artist? Have you seen peril, and falt the oppression that attends the site of poverty? I know gos have. But these trials and jeopardise and crossings have proved the opers fifth artist and to an honorable station in your profession. Maintain the pinnacle you have reached? Sland firmly upon the topmost round of the hadder which you have ascended so rapidly. There are eyes best on you lovingly and anxiously; there are bearts that beat quicker at the proud mention of your name, as it is heard in marble halls, on the lips of jewelled crowds of admirers; Induly hor and humble may not aspire to sit at the side of affluence and noble blood. "The lowly-born and humble may not aspire to sit at the side of affluence and noble blood. This is unnatural. But talent, Wilford—the light of brain and soul which the good God dispresses among all grades of his subjects, the weath of intellect, all priceless in its value, comesto the poor or the lordly, alike, without the asking. This precious gift affiliates with its kind, and mind will act upon mind, soul sympathies with soul, heart beat for heart, in carious unison, though a wife gulf of forbidding space may exist between its possessors—in point of station or pecuniary fortune.

"Let an watch over you then, Wilford! Suffer me to be distant but still near to you, whenever you may need the southing influences of friendship and affection. I have seen the weatdrop of pain and anguish settle on your fair forchead. I have heard your deep mona of distress when you did not dream that the hard which traces these lines was buny in cooling your trivolbing and fevered temples. We have met, Wilford—no matter where—and I have dared to hope that we shall meet egain

unrobbing and fevered temples. We have met. Wilford—no matter where—and I have dared to hope that we shall meet again, under more genial and favorable auspices—when you will have had time to know me better, and to believe that I am your faishful friend, though now only the poor and humble MARIE."

"I would give a hundred crowns," said Wil



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ord, excitedly, "if I could meet the author of

this pretty epistle, face to face."

A gentle rapping at the door of his studio, a this moment, started him to his feet.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER AII.

A COMMENSION.

THE figure of a female gracefully entered the apartment a moment afterwards, followed by a servant in costly and aristocratic livery. The lady was richly but simply attired, and she addressed the artist in provincial French.

Willford spoke the language but indifferently, yet he had been long enough in Paris to have acquired a respectable smattering of the tongue. She said:

"Monsieur, have I the pleasure of speaking with Willford, the artist 1"

The painter bowed, and pointed his visitor to a lounge.

The painter bowed, and pornees us a lounge.

The lady was well formed, but she was so deeply veiled, that Wilford could not determine her age. Her voice was pleasant, but full-toned and anthoritative, and the artist politely inquired if he could be of service to her.

"I have called, monaiear," she replied, "to look at your pictures. My friend, the Countess de Charmand has spoken enthusiastically of your genius, and I have seen a single effort of yours in her possession, which pleases me."
You allude to the Mogdelen, madame?"

"You are correct."

yours in her possession, which pleases me."
You allude to the Mogolden, madame!"
"You are correct."
"The countess does me great honor. It was one of my early efforts, on arriving in Paris, madame, since when I have aimed to improve myself, somewhat."
He then invited the lady into the schibition room, where a dozen elaborately finished pictures—copies or originals, were suspended upon the walls. After examining these, the eye of the visitor rested upon one design that was parislly conceaded by a curtain suspended over it, and which seemed especially to interest her.
"You may have heard of it, madame," he answered. "It is an original—the 'Light-Keep-er's Dugulger," and he raised the screen which covered it, exposing his master-piece to the eager inspection of the stranger.
"It is no uncommon fault of each in the screen which covered it, exposing his master-piece to the eager inspection of the stranger.
"It is beautiful, indeed," she exclaimed.
"Was as he overy fair?" continued the lady, examining the picture, closely.
"It is no uncommon fault of artists, madame," and willier, and the stranger of the stranger.
"It is no uncommon fault of artists, madame," and willier, and the stranger in the stranger of the stranger.
"It is no uncommon fault of artists, madame," and willier, and the stranger of the stranger.
"It is no uncommon fault of artists, madame," and willier, and the stranger of the stranger.
"It is no uncommon fault of artists, madame," and will the cannows wrongs her. There was a soul that looked out from her sweet blue eyes, an expression of guileless innocence and purity, that no artistouch could imitate. I deem the likeness good—I may say accurate; but I feel how poor are all my efforts to give to the face the true sentiment of the original."
"Then this is not a fancy sketch?"
"No, madame. The original lives only in my memory, however."
"And you painted it from recollection, only?"
"That is all, madame. You may have heard of a terrible occurrence that took place some months since at one of the light-ho

"I think I heard of it, or read of it, at the

"I think I heard of it, or read of it, at the time," replied the lady.

"This was his daughter, madame—Nelly! A softer heart than heres, a purer mind, a kinder disposition never was vouchased to mortal, I believe. Her fate was, indeed, a cruel one. I had paimed this likeness, which I proposed to have sent out to them as a token of my remembrance of their kindness to me, when I was once thrown upon their hospitality, in distress, but before it was completed, Nelly, with her noble father, had gone to rest with the angels!"

There was a moment of sympathetic silence, that was broken by the lady, who said:

"Monrieur, what is the value of this picture!"

"Priceless, madame," answered Wilford, carnessly.

"You will sell it, I presume !"

"You will sell it, I presume!"
"Never, nadame!"
"I am presularily able to reward you amply, monsiour, and I wish to possess your best picture. A hundred crowns—"
"The crown of France itself, madame, would not tempt me to part with that picture."
"You you serious, monsieur?"
"Upon my honor, madame, I am. If a copy of it would please you, I might be induced—"
"No, monsieur. I have only originals in my galleries, and a copy of that effort would be valueless to me."
"I could improve on this, perhaps."
"Still, I should not possess the original."
"Your pardon, madame. I appreciate your ideas—and will with great pleasure, farnish you no riginal upon any other subject within the range of my role, but I cannot park with this,"
"Five hundred crowns, monsieur, for this picture."
"Your pardon again, madame—but I assure

"Five hundred crowns, mount—but I assure pointing."

"Your parlon again, madame—but I assure you I must decline your generous offer."

"You are a man of the world, and you pursue your profession for gain. I will give you a thousand crowns for your 'Light-Keeper's Daughter,' "said he lady, magnasimonaly." A thousand crowns is a munificent sum, bud, and it would far outstrip the intrinsie value of such a work. But pordoner moi, madame, I cannot sell it."

"If you thus value your own ideal creation, pray what value did you put upon the fair being whom you have so delicately portrayed? Surely, she must have been very dear to you."

"I never realized her worth; but it is too late, now, alas, to recover—" and then as if to change the subject, he added, "will it not please madame to order something of a different character!"

of devotion, and I will no longer attempt to effect a change in your mind. I desire to place one of your efforts in ny collection, however, and I give you carte blanche in the premises. I will only stipulate that it be a female figure, and original in itself. When shall I have the pleasure of examining is 1"
"My engagement at present are such, that I can promise nothing sooner than three months hence."

"My engagements at present are such, that I can promise nothing sooner than three months hence."
"You will complete it by that time !"
"I think there is no doubt about it, medame."
"Aldnet then, monsieur, ! will call upon you three months from to-day, and shall rely upon your bast efforts."
The servant opened the door, medame passed gracefully out, and Wilford bethought him, a moment afterwards, that he had omitted to inquire the lady's address. It was too late. He drew aside his window-curtain, and a magnificent carriage was just rolling away from his door.
"Fortune favors me," said Wilford, slowly solders. But she will come again," and he turned once more to his casel.
When he passed into his exhibition room, a few minutes after the lady left, he found an envelope upon the floor near the window, which in a familiar hand.
"This is from Marie, he said, "how came it here "
There was no one present to answer his questions."

"This is from survey.

There was no one present to answer his question, and no one had been in that apartment save himself and his recent visitor, for eight-and-forty hours. Here was a fresh mystery. But he opened the note, and devoured its contents without further delay.

without further delay.

"Wilford, you will be called upon soon by a lady of great wealth and a sincere lover of art, who desires to obtain one of your pictures. She is particular in her ideas, and fancies only the choicest of works for her already well-furnished galieries. Humor any whim that she may exhibit, permit her to choose, without limit, from your collection, and you may be sure to profit, largely, from her favor and patronage. Her fared, the property of the sure of the sur

TO A STAR.

BY WILLIAM W. GRANDT.

Twinkling little orb of night, In thy brilliant beauty bright, Who can form a just decree Of thy vast immensity?

Who can trace thy path at even, Through the distant vault of he Who thy beauty can compare, Who compute the distance there?

Sparkle on, ye brilliant gem, In your Maker's diadem; Spread his wondrous power abroad, Speak the majesty of God!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ATALISSA. A TALE OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY G. PUTNAM UPTON.

In the year 1764, in which our story opens, there was for the first time for many years, universal peace between the white settlers and the various New England tribes. In 1671, Philip had concluded a peace with the governor of Plymouth; but from the date of this treaty until the breaking out of the Indian war in 1675, Philip was developing and maturing that mighty plan of a combination of all the New England tribes only equalled by the league of the Iroquisi. It was a bright and beautiful afternoon in the middle of September. The sumbeams, streaming through the intersecting boughs of the forest rees, shed their golden light upon a scene of surpassing beauty and wild sublimity. In the depths of the woods, in the vicinity of Mount Hope, a small party of Narraganests had pitched their camp. The younger warriors of the tribe had departed upon their customary annual hunting expedition, and had entrusted the camp to the care of the old men, whose extreme age prevented them from joining the party. At the base of a huge overhanging rock, which cast its shadows far into the mysterious depths of the hold men were lying upon the soft leaf-strewn turf, watching the innocent gambols of their children. Here and there, shangy Indian dogs lay basking in the sun, ever and anon springing up with deep bay, as a hare chanced to pass near them, or a squirrel, merrily chattering overhead, leaped from branch to branch. Before the wigwam doors sat the Indian maideas, busily engaged in braiding mats and nets. From one of the wigwams, much more highly ornamented than the rest, stepped a maiden, hearing a rado wooden backet. As she blittly tripped over the ground, scarcely branking the leaves aside with her clastic step, the old men watched her retensing footsteps with admiration, and the dark eyes of the maideas glistened with jealousy at some distance off, without a thought of fear or danger; now chassing a squirrel, now plucking a roma of a pure olive, and her hair, which fell in heavy, undulating masses around her greacful neck, was

mirroring her beautiful face, she was startled by the crashing of some dry sticks near by, and the next instant a deer bounded by her from out the thick breath, the blood dripping from his dappled shoulder, and tossing his antiture in agony. Hastily seising her bucket, she hastened to return, ignorant who might be the purruer. She had proceeded but a few rods, when she was met by a man dressed in the costance of a hanter. He was walking leisurely along, with his ritle alung across his arm, confident of the success of his shot. He was about six feet in height, and of a powerful massive frame. His dark moustache and haughty ale proclaimed him at once to be a foreigner.

He belonged to a band of French traders, who had effected their purchases of furs, and were now on their journey back to Quebec. They had encamped about a mile from the Indian village, and D ar Pras, for such was the hunter's name, had proceeded out from the camp in quest of game. At the first view of the hunter, Atalisas turned to flee; but the hunter was soon at her side, and laying his powerful hand upon her arm, he said:

"Whither ways so fast, pretty maiden? I would not harm thee. Wilt thou not give me a draught from thy pall to quench my thirst, for yonder deer hath saidy faitgood me!"

With true Indian courtery, Atalisas allowed him to slake his thirst, and then again attempted to return, but the hunter again prevented her.

"Hold, maiden! Why hastest thou? Dost think I would harm thee? My ritie is unloaded, and I am no monster to devour thee. I would do the noneigh the thindness. Return with me to the camp. Thou wast not born to bloom here, a solitary rose in the wild deer and built their wilgwans, and here rest their ashes. Here with the grape, and its maidens are as beautiful as the morning. Among them shalt thou shine like the moon among the stars. Everything that thou canst desire shall surround thee. Dot accept my offer, beautiful one ""

"Atalisas is content to remain where she is," replied she. "Here my fathers were born. In these w

call."
"Now, by our Lady, thou shalt go, proud beauty!" replied Du Prus, as his eyes glowed with anger at being thus repulsed by an Indian girl, whom he had deemed it an easy task to

girl, whom he had decemed it an easy task to overcome.

Seizing her in his rude grasp, he was on the point of bearing her away, when a soft step was heard in the bushes, and the next instant a hand of iron was on his throat, and he was hurled headlong into the bushes. Rising hastily and esting his rifle, he behelb before him an Indian warrior. Trembling with fear, he gazed upon that glant form before him. He was dressed in a richly ornamented buffalo robe. At his belt and from his leggings dangled the scalp-locks of alaghtered flose; his moccasins were of richly embroidered buck-skin, adorned with beads; his long black hair fell adown his back from benchhis hed-dress of war-eagle plames. From his belt were suspended his gittering tomnhawk and scalping knife.

"Dog of a pale face!" said he, in tones like

in the second of the second o

of Atalissa her danger and deliverance, and again relapsed into his thoughtful and usclurn mood. After a moment's pause, the old man spoke as follows:

"Philip I proud sachem of the Wampanoags, this is but the drop of rain to the storm which is blackening in the heavens, and soon will burst upon us in a wild delage of wath. Many moons ago, I slept by the waters of the Great Lake, upon us in a wild delage of wath. Many moons ago, I slept by the waters of the Great Lake, and fasted and called upon the Great Spirit. The panther and the wolf prowled around me, but I feared them not; the rain drenched me, I heeded it not. One night, amid the fash of lightning and the crash of the thunder, the Manito came to me. He took the seal from mine eyes; he gave me the medicine bag. In the hunt, is hath shown me the buffalo; in the fight, it is that brought me the victory. Last night, in dreams, the spirit came to me again. "Mahip-pa," said he, the days of thy tribe are numbered; the burks of the pale-faces cross the great sea, and they outsumber the leaves of the forest; thy wigwams must burn, and thy children must did; and ere many moons the last of thy brethern must sing his death-song to the waves of the great sea in the faw vest!"

During these remarks, Philip sat like a marble of the statue. Not a muscle of his foce moved; not a word escaped his lips, but the close observer might have seen to his dark piercing eyes, and firmly compressed lips, the daring determination and fixed reaches of the days of the his ring and taking a how which hay near by, he fixed a shaft upon the ninew, and sent it whating through the six At the same moment, a hawk was seen curveing that once seen in his dark piercing eyes, and firmly compressed lips, the daring determination and fixed reaches of his bow near him. With his wings and claws. Philip sproached him, and placed the end of his bow near him. With his wings and claws. Philip papproached him, and placed the end of his bow near him. With the first of philip hard been striving with all th

his claws into the wood. Philip, calmy pointing to the dying bird, and then to himself, vanished slowly into the depths of the dark forest.

A year has rapidly rolled away. During this time, Philip had been striving with all the provess of his mighty mind to concentrate all the New England tribes into a single lody, and to strike a last blow for Indian liberty. But his plans had not accessed the vigilans eyes of the whites. With dismay, and almost with despair, he beheld his fondly cherished scheme misling away like the smoorf-lake in the ware. The die was cast. Upon the 20th of June, 1073, Philip led forth his forces with the desormination either to rid his country of the white Intruders, or to perish by the graves of his sires. There had been no war for a long time with the English, and therefore numerous young warriors of the various tribes entered into his cause with the greatest action. Among them came the youthful Wahn-e ka, burning with the desire to revenge the insult offered to Atalissa. He yearred to perform such exploits as had been reconned to him by his sire. The time had now arrived, and his soul expanded in proportion to the vastness of his undertaking. Already he might have claimed the hand of Atalissa upon the conditions offered by her father, but he had sworn a solenn oath upon the grave of his sire that he would nover tack Atalissa as his bride until the scalp of Du Prus lung at his girdle, and he had every reason to suspect that De Prus would join the English forces in order to obtain Atalissa. Philip had encamped his forces nor Month Hope, and had left the women and children in a secluded spot near the Narraganest Bay, almost inaccessible to a stranger. Among them were Atalissa and her father. On the morning of the next day, the news was brought by an Indian runner that the English were fast approaching with a large force. Immediately collected warriors, and placed them secretly and skilling vin ambush, so that the spot a monent ago bustling with a large force. Immediately everything was in

joined the Enguest to the place of ambush ing Atalisa.

Their first approach to the place of ambush was greeted by a shower of arrows, but not a human form was seen. All was as silent as the grave. The front ranks of the whites recled and wavered for a moment, but again advanced. Again a cloud of arrows hurtled through the air, and erraged spirit of Du Prus but ill accorded with this merry scene before him.

"What, ho I sir knight of the bear face," is ald the story-teller, "what alieth thy visuge? It is as long as a Pratian's. And where is thy game! I say long as a Pratian's. And where is thy game! I say some stray panther sent thy wit a woolgathering, or host thou herad a squired rustle a bush, and imagined a legion of Indian devils behind it? I five do not procure better hunters in future, we shall all starve. Should Mademoiselle La Brutlere cast her beautiful eye upon their in this plight, thy chances would be small," "Jest not with me, Mainon it" cried Du Prus, in angry tones. "I am not in the mood. I have seen that this afternoon which would shake even thy vancted courage, and hank xy, Mainon, if thou does it at the peril of thy life." You know me, and you know I never break my word to friend or foo. Mark well my words, Mainon!"

Thus assping, Du Prus entered his tent and prepared for the evening meal. No further allises and prepared for the evening meal. No further allises and prepared for the evening meal. No further allises on the Indian gift back to the village. Upon this rearried they give the blue of the proceeded to the post where hale you where he lay oncealed. As she was passing by, he sprang with the raphity of the fragrey of Du Prus. Seeing that escape for bur fate, hoping that Wah-ne-ka would soon distance the product of the rest of the process of the winder the product of the afternoon, for they all knew full well it was tampering with the linn to jest with Du Prus, while in his predent in the best full and the product of the afternoon, for they all knew full well it was tampering with the linn to jest with Du Prus, while in his predent in the best full and the product of the afternoon, for they all knew full well it was tampering with the linn to jest the product of the afternoon, for they all knew full well it was tampering with the full and the product o

cover her abduction, and hasten in pursuit of her. Unperceived by Du Prus, she threw down several shreds of cloth, which might serve as a guide to Wah-ne-ka. Now and then she broke off a twig, and now brushed aside the leaves with her feet, all of which signs she knew his quick eye would discover.

In this manner they proceeded until they reached the shore. Hastily springing into a cance, near at hand, the Indian paddled them across with her witness of an arrow.

"Hat my proud beauty," cried Du Prus, in exultant joy, "methinks I will tame thy obstinate roal now. Once I offered myself to thee; offered to ista the toe to France, and to surround the with all which thou couldst desire and wealth could procure. You rejected me, sormed my offers, and preferred the low-born Wah-ne-ka to the wealthy and titled Du Prus. Bit sto to the vealthy and titled Du Prus. Bit to the variety and titled procure. You rejected my offers, and preferred the low-born Wah-ne-ka to the wealthy and titled Du Prus. Bit to the variety in the proof, then shall be to the two couldst farewell to the parties of the proof, then shall never see them more?"

Daring these words, Attaline ast calm and immovable, without deigning a reply. Her gase wandered over the calm expanse of water, which the setting run was tingting with gold, and she seemed engaged in deep moditation.

In the meantime, Wah-ne-ka had cought in

In the meantime, Wah no-ka had sought in every part of the field for Du Prus, bas in vain. Many a foo. he passed whom he might easily have accrificed upon the slate of his vengennce; but he had vowed that no blood should stain his tonsahawk save that of Du Prus. Immediately the thought struck him, that he might have forced his way unseen to the hiding-place of Atalians. The thought was parent to the action. With the speed of lightning he traversed the forest suspicion adding wings to his hasto. But his search was fraitless. Carefully he examined the ground, and after a few moments' investigation he discovered the trail. With the agility and fleetness of the hound, he pursued those marks which the common observare would have passed without notice. The broken twigs and shreds of dotts, the leaves trusted and the state of the hound had been trained to the property of t rapid steps he advanced up the bank to a spet where a camo was concealed in the bushes. It was the work of a moment to draw it out, and launch it; the next moment Wah-ne-ha was flying across the waves of the Narragansett in his birchen bark. Lustily he plied his paddle, his little cano almost leaping from the waves at every stroke. His tightly compressed lips seemed to restrain for the time the spirit of year-geance which was raging in that lone Indian's breast. The distant screams and shouts of the contending forces fell all unheeded upon his ear. His eye beheld alone the altar of vengeance, and his hand longed to immolate its destined victim. In a few moments, the keel of his canoe grated the sands of the opposite shore. Harriedly be traversed the beach until he again discovered the traversed to be before the discovery discovered the traversed to be discovered the traversed the traversed the discovered the discovered the traversed the discovered the traversed the discovered the traversed

the lifeless form of the hunter. Slowly he drew his scalping-knife from his dark, thick locks, and the fatal steel circled the head of the dead Frenchman. The scalp of Du Pras hung at the girdle of Wah-ne-ka. His vow was fulfilled—his vengeance was appeased—Ataliase was returned to him as pure as the waters of the spring at which Du Prus had first surprised her:

Slowly the Indian maid and warrior traversed their way back through the frosts. Silently they crossed the Narraganestt, the moon showering with eiliver its rippling waves, illumining the immovable countenance of Wah-ne-ka, and the luvely features of Atalissa. When they reached the opposite shore, Wah-ne-ka listence with his car to the ground, but all was sill nt save the distant howl of the ravening wolf. The strife was over; holdly he plunged through the woods, until the had reached the hiding-place of the Indiann. They were seasted around a lauge fire, which hanging here and there upon the wilgwams denoised. Their entrance was greeted with a deafing shout, and before the echoes had died away she was in the arms of her father, Maktopa. Taking the scalp of Du Pra from the belt of Wah-ne-ka, he hung it upon the wigwam of Analissa, and then taking their hands in his own, he placed them together, and Ataliasa was the bride of Wah-ne-ka.



The Flag of our Tuion. -> 3>< SEE SO

[Written for The Flag of our Union.] CONTRASTS.

DY GRIDBON IN PAVER

And fingers moving slowly, Close eyelids of the dead.

While peacefully there kneeling, In yonder chapel gray, Where solean chants are pealing, And white-haired sires pray, On distant fields are waging Fierce strife and battle din. Where wounded men are raging, And dying in their sin.

and uying in their sin.

While hearts with high hopes be
And peaceful gladners, swell
Around the fire-side meeting.
The friends each loves so wel',
On the ocean wide outspreading,
A bark is tempest tossed;
In vain for port sho's heading,
Two hundred souls are lost:

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE INEBRIATE CAPTAIN, AND HOW WE REFORMED HIM AN OLD SAILOR'S STORY.

BY SY: VANUS COBB, JR.

BY SI'VANUS COBB, JB.

THE O'd ship "Pioneer" was on a voyage to Smyrna, under command of Captain Ichabod Harris. I held the office of first mate at the time. We took out with us an old naval surgoon, named Ramsdell, who was going to join the American squadron in the Mediterranean. Now Captain Harris was one of the most no-ble-hearted men I ever knew. He was a sailor, every inch of him, and his men fairly worshipped him. He would share with them in all their hardships, join with them in their joy, and do all in his power to make their situation comfortable and pleasing. He knew every inch of a

every incet of him, and his men fairly worshipped him. He would share with them in all their hardships, Join with them in their jor, and do all in his power to make their situation comfortable and pleasing. He knew every inch of a ship, from truck to kelton, and he knew; too, just the use for which everything was made, and how it should be used to the best advantage.

But Captain Harris had one fault—a bad, evry had one; he would get drunk on every possible occasion. He never commenced drinking with the expectation of getting drunk, but as soon as he had one glass "on board," he would drink it as long as he could get it and stand. He had been talked to by his best friends, and he had promised that he never would get drunk. Sometimes, after having made one of these solomap promises, he would drink a few glasses, and yet keep sober; but those solor glasses were dangerous ones for him, for they were sure to lead him off soon. His employers had no idea how much he drank at sea. They knew he was drunk often on shore, but they did not dream he gave himself up so at sea, for not one of his crew could have been hired to expose him; and yet it was not a safe thing. Harris himself acknowledged that run was killing him, but he aid he could not let is alone. When we talked to him, he listened patiently, and even kindly—and he would thank us, too, for our solicitude.

"But it's no use," he would say, "It's no use, boys. I can't help it, and when my time comes I shall die. I wish I could stop drinking, but I can't. I wont promise, for I should only tell a lie. God bless you for your kindness; I know you mean well; but it's no use,"

And that was all we could get from him orn use, and the consequence was, he was drunk half the time. I have seen him take his observation of the une a mertigan, and work out the lasting, and give the ship her true course, when be could not shall could stop the healt was now between forty and fifty, and he was allous total the about use affection of the salmous lost. Harris was now between forty a

tween torty and nity, and he was almost lost. He as to but very little. Breakfast he never atc. We told him his brandy was killing him; but he would not leave it off. He assured us he could not live without it, "and what was the use." I asked Dr. Ramsdell, the old surgeon, what he thought about it, and he told me that unless the captain would leave it off entirely, he could not live.

live.

"There is no half-way ground with him,"
and the doctor. "He must either drink none,
or drink enough to kill him. A remarkable
constitution has uphed him thus far, but that
constitution is about gone now. And yet I cannot bear to talk hard with the poor fellow—he is
auch a noble-hearted man, and is so kind and
generous. I believe he would risk his own life
in a moment to save that of any man in the
ship."

On the next morning he wanted a "drop" of brandy the first thing. I asked him if he remembered the narrow escape he had last night; he said yes. Then I asked him if he had not better let the fatal stuff alone.

"No, no." and he, with a smile. "You see 'twann't meant that I should die last night. And besides, I got a leefe more on than usual. I must be careful."

And besides, I got a leafe more on than usual. I must be careful."

And there was an end of that plan! But I meant not to give it up so. I put my head with the old surgeon's, and he sgreed to help me all he could. At length we had another plan fixed up, and our capatian was to have a siege before he got clear of us. We agreed to commence as soon as we could find Harris with a mind clear enough to understand things fully. I knew that the capatian had a perfect dread of death, and that sometimes, when he felt "down at the capatian had a perfect dread of death, and that sometimes, when he felt "down at the health of the capatian had a perfect dread of death, and that sometimes, when he felt "down at the because the very power he needed to enable into the data and a power of the death of the data was all broken down by intemperance. At length an opportunity to commence presented itself. One morning, the surgeon, the capatian was sober. I had one of Ramsdell's books in my hand, from which I pretended to read.

"Doctor," said I, looking up with as much show of surprise and interest as I could assume, this is a very curious case—this case of the old purser."

"Ah—yes," returned the doctor, "it is curi-

"this is a very curious case—this case of the old purser."
"Ah—yes," returned the doctor, "it is curious, indeed; but I have seen a number such. Last wince there were two such cases on board an English ship at Malta."
"And is there no cure at all?" I asked, looking at the book again, and then looking up.
"Well, that depends upon circumstances. An immediate abstinence from all kinds of stimulating food and drinks has been known to lead to a cure. But the disease is so malignant that a cure is next to impossible. O, I pay God I may never see another man die with this horrid disease!"
The old surgeon shuddered so fearfully as he

The old surgeon shuddered so fearfully as he said this, that I was almost startled, for he did

it to perfection.
"What is it?" asked the captain, with mu

interest.

"I have been reading an account here in the doctor's medical reports of one of the most strange cases I ever heard of." I replied. "It is the account of a man who died of a most terrible disease. But," I continued, turning to the doctor, "do these spots always make their annearance".

rible disease. But," I continued, turning to the doctor, "do these spots always make their appearance?"
"Yes," he replied; "they are dark, prownish spots, and commence upon the face, and when the disease proves statal, these spots begin to partiy and spread, until at length the whole face, the whole body, the whole physical structure, inside and out, becomes one horrible, sickening, disgusting mass of putrescence! O, I would not see such another death for worlds! And then the victim lives through it all—lives till they last atom of inward vitality is swallowed up by the horrid putrefaction!"
"But what is it all?" uttered the captain, trembling like an aspen. "What makes you both tremble and shudder so! What is it?"
"It is enough to make any one shudder and remble at the bare thought," replied the doctor, "for I do not think that mortal man can conceive of another thing one half so terrible."
"But what is it?"
"My friend, you may tell him, as yon have just finished reading it," said the doctor, to me.
"But you understand the principle of the disease, doctor," I urged, "and you can explain it."
Ramsdell hesitated a few moments, and during that time Captain Harris and like one bewildered.
"Captain Harris," at length spoke the doctor, 'I must own that I feel a little delicate about

Ramsdell hesitated a few moments, and during that time Captain Harris at like one bewildered.

"Captain Harris," at length spoke the doctor, "I must own that I feel a little delicate about this matter, for I have so often spoken to you upon the subject of intemperance that I fear you may think this is only hunted up at this me, it is that you might hear of it. But your mate came across it, sir, while reading some of my medical works. However, I will explain, and I shall trust to your own generosity to relieve me from all imputations of personal allusion. Some years ago, sir, I came across the case to which we have alluded. An old purser in our navy was a very intemperate drinker. He drank brandy by the pint and quarit, and sometimes even a gallon, a day. This he had followed for some years. At length one day he complained of a strange burning sensation about the face, and a dizziness in his head; and soon little dark spots began to sappear upon his face. At first we thought it might be a phase of small pox; and then the idea of plague struck as; but it had none of the other symptoms of those diseases. I did all for him I could, but he died, as you have heard me tell. Sometime afterward I was in Malta, and I saw more cases of the same disease there, and one old surgeon told me what it was. He said it was now cases of the same disease there, and one old surgeon told me what it was. He said it was now as a case where alcohol had wholly changed the nature and substance of the human body. You know that when a man begins to show the effects of rum in blotches, and so forth, it always appears first upon the face; and so in this case. It seems to be a man begins to show the effects of rum in blotches, and so forth, it always appears first upon the face; and so in this case. It seems to be a phase of disease confined to shipboard, and I expect it is the result of the peculiar atmosphere of the ocean, combined with the natural effects of alroalo, upon some peculiar constitutions. The English surgeon told me that one case generous. I believe he would risk his own lie in a moment to save that of any man in the ship,"

"I know he would," said I.

"And yet," resumed Ramsdell, "he must lose the opportunity soon. He is so tender on that point that I like not to broach it; and then has such a playful manner of always turning toff that it don't amount to anything."

But we were resolved that Captain Harris, and we soon conjured up a plan which we were determined to try. One night he came on deets or drunk that he could not walk, and I knew from his every look and movement, that he was completely oblivious to everything about him. I called some of the must cont span and having made up a running bowline on the end of the mixen-topsail halpayrds, I contrived to slip the noose over his shoulders, and draw it sight, under his arms. He was leaning up against the quarter rail, and as soon as this was done I gave him a gentle trip, and overboard he went. As soon as he struck the water, be aplashed and kicked wildly, and soon I heard him yell. That the slip brooks was already cleared for the purpose. We get the expetian on board, and he was pretty well aobered; but he did not dream the trick we had played upon him.

the next. But on the morning of the fourth day I could see that he was becoming nervous and uneasy. The truth was, he had not yet received not to drink,—be had only been pondering upon it. It was a chilly morning, and he thought he would see if a little brandy would not warm him. He tried a glass—just one glass—and before night he was drunk; and he was not sober again for five whole days. Every time he drank now he seemed to go lower and lower. At length I told the surgeon it was time to try the last remedy, and he agreed to stand by me.

Dr. Ramstell had his whole chemical and medicinal laboratory with him, and he went to work and perpared a tineture or solution of iodine. Capsain Harris was up at midnight, and on deek, but he was too drunk to stand. Yet he drank a large drann of raw brandy before he turned in again; but his brandy, which was kept for immediate use in a decanter at the head of his bunk, had been medicated with a paingiving emetic since evening, and now he had haken a stiff does of it. Towards morning the surgeon went and rubbed the drunken man's face over with a preparation he had made from corbage, or what is commonly called cowick, and then he dotted the face over with he mix ture of folions. After this, we both turned in It was now nearly four o'clock, and it would be light in half an hour.

I fell asleep, and I know not how long I had lept, when I was aroused by the captain's call-

light in half an hour.

I full asleep, and I know not how long I had sleep, when I was aroused by the captain's calling me. I quickly arose and went to his stateroom, the door of which was open, and directly opposite my own.

"O, man, is that you it's be said, as I entered his room, for it was not very light in there, though the sun was just rising.

"I feel very badly," he moaned. "Vecy badly."

badly."
"But how? You know you were very drunk

"But now!
last night."
"Yes, I know it. And I have been very drunk for a whole week, haven't I?"

runk for a whole week, haven't 1?"

"You have, certainly."

"O, I feel very bad!"

"O, it feel to who have a word of the standard consequence of such a continued denuch."

"But that isn't all!" the poor man whispered.

"Aud what else is there?" I asked.

"But that isn't all!" the poor man whispered.
"And what else is there!" I saked.
"O, I feel—a—a—I can't tell it—I can't!"
"O, yes. It is a— (his voice settled to a rill, horrid whisper) a burning all over my face!"
"Go, been sell "I reied, and I know that spoke with every accent of terror, "you do not easn so!"

"Yes-I do. But you do not think I shall-

"Yes—I do. But you do not think I shall—shall—"
The poor man dared not finish the sentence.
I knew that the cowlich must make his face burn, and I knew full well to what his mind was turning. He dared not speak it
"I think I had better call the doctor," said I. He was anxious to have the doctor come, so I went to call him. Ramsdell had heard all, and he was ready to accompany me, his room being next forward of the capatait's. It was now light enough to see plainly in the state-rooms, for the sun was up, and the golden beams came in through the sky-light, as the ship was heeling considerably to the castward, under a fresh breeze. Captain Harris was truly a sorry sight to behold. His long debauch had given his eyes a bad look, and had made his checks bollow,—the cowitch gave them a heetic flush, and the iodine cowitch gave them a heetic flush, and the iodine cowitch gave them a heetic flush, and the iodine cowitch gave them a heetic flush, and the iodine cowitch gave them a heetic flush, and the iodine cowitch gave them a heetic flush, and the iodine cowitch gave them a heetic flush, and the iodine cowitch gave them a hectic flush, and the iodine had covered his face all over with kind of livid,

own spots.
"What is it, captain ?" asked the old surgeon,

as he entered the room.
"O, doctor, I feel dreadfully. But what are you looking at? Good mercy, tell me! O, what makes you stare at me so?"

what makes you stare at me so 1"
The poor man started up to a sitting posture as he spoke, and seized the surgeon by the arm. And both the surgeon and myself gazed upon him in well feigned horror. "Capasin Harris," spoke Ramsdell, in a low, hollow tone, "lie down and keep quiet." The sick mass was seized with a spell of youn-titing, and as soon as this was passed, the doctor asked him how he felt.

"It is a hurning all over my face," returned. Hereis. "A chaeful hurning "be continued."

iting, and as soon as this was passed, the doctor asked him how he felt.

"It is a hurning all over my face," returned Harris. "A dreadful burning I' he continued, in a convulsive whisper. "O, what is it?" Ramsdell then whispered with me.

"I think it is best to tell him," he said, loud nough for the captain to hear, but yet in a manner which signified that he meant that such should not have been the case.

"Of course he must know it," said I, in the same tone, and being careful that the captain should understand me. "Of course," I added, "for he may wish to leave some word, or make some will. He has a wife and children—he may usish to send some uren't to then before he becomes delirious!"

wish to send some word to them before he becomes delirious!"
Captain Harris did not speak—he dared not. But Ramsdell went and took down the mirror which hung over the wash-stand,—it being only secured by a hook at the top, and two revolving beckets at the bottom,—and this he carried to the bunk. He held it up before the sick man, as he half arose to a sitting postare.
"Look!" the doctor said.
Harris looked into the mirror, and then, with one low, convulrive cry of sgony, he fell back. It was some minutes before he spoke. I almost wished then that we had not done it, for his agony I feared would kill thin out-tight, and I whippered my fears to the surgeon. But he told me there was no danger. He said the man had not physical strength enough for fear to operate fatally upon.

upon. ust I die ?" the sufferer at length asked.

"Must I die!" the sufferer at length asked.
"What can I do't "returned Ramsdell.
"But you said the thing had once been cured."
"Yes—once. But in that case the victim was silling to help himself."
"How!" whispered Harris.
"I told you once. He gave up the cause of is disease."

"Save me! save me! O, let me once more see my wife and children!"
"I will try" was the answer. "I will try if you will."
"If I will!" cried the captain, starting up. "Listen—listen—Here, before God and gourselve, I do most solemaly swear, never—NEVER—NEVER—On the control of t

On our return I went with Harris to see his family. His wife could hardly believe her own eyes.

"Ah L'zzic," he said, as he kissed her, "you wonder to see me sober, eh?"

She acknowledged that she did.

"Well, I haven't touched a drop of spirit for over four months. (The wife started.) And I have sworn a most sacred oath that I never will touch it sgain. What, crying!"

How could she help crying! But Harris saw how happy she was, and he told me that that one thing paid him a thousand times over for what he had done.

Poor L'zzie Harris had suffered enough from her husband's fault, but she suffered no more her but to tell Harris of the deception what effect would have to tell Harris of the deception what could go back to his cups again; and I told him all. He gaz-d at me a few momests in silence. Then he caught my hand, and, while the tears started to his eyes, he cricid:

"Bless you! Bless you! I shall bless you more than ever now. For then I thought you more than ever now. For then I thought you more than ever now. For the I thought you not shan ever now, will not go back!" and I.

I shall never forget the look he gave me then. I will not go back! "and I.

I shall never forget the look he gave me then. He answered me in a whisper—and as follows:

When the sun turns black—when the earth exaces to love the viel thing I once when the earth ceases to love his children—when there is joy in blackests sim—then will I take the accursed cup again, and become the viel thing! Once was "

slated from the French for The Flag of our Un THE SUPPER OF ST. CRISPIN.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

The truce of Nice had given some cessation to the great contest between those two powerfal and glorious rivals whose names filled Europe, and whose words, now victorious and now vanquished, had attracted the attention of the wold? The Italian campaign and the deliverance of the pope, besieged in the castle of St. Angeloby the imperial array, had made Francis 1st forget the disaster of Paria. Charles V. was deploring his Ill ancess in Africa and preparing an expedition into Provence, where saddedny news of an event, whose importance appeared trifling, but whose results might have been immense by the vast projects it deranged, reached the emperor. One of those turbulent cities of Flauders, the vast projects it deranged, reached the emperor. One of those turbulent cities of Flauders, whose free burghers were little pleased with the despotic government of Charles, was in open termembering the loyalty of his rival, dared solicit permission to chastise this guilty city, and remembering the loyalty of his rival, dared solicit permission to pass through Farance. We love to see this heroic confidence; especially do we love to see that it was not misplaced. Certainly this noble page of loyalty is worth more in the life of Francis Ist than all the advantages which he could have derived from a revenge for the hard capitity of Paris, and the monarch was great who preferred to have his name inscribed as that for feit his plighted word.

On his arrival in Flanders, Charles V. had no trouble in making the Gautois submit; but perciving that the spirit of the revolt had percal and was germinating in the neighboring cities, the thought it wise and prudent to prolong his stay in the provinces, in order to consolidate his stay in the provinces, in order to consolidate his stay in the provinces, in order to consolidate his stay in the provinces, in order to consolidate his stay in the provinces, in order to study the mannancer and hear the opinions of the people.

Now, as he was one evening roaming about the streets, well concaled in a manife of coarse cloth, and his head covered with a little hat such as was worn by the burghers, it happened that a tempting odor arrested him before the open shop of a rotizesur. A magnificent goose, truly worthy to appear at a royal feat, had just been taken from the spit, and was reposing in a shining tin plate. A young woman, fresh and courteous as are the Flemish women generally, was bargain-ing for the superb fowl, when Charles, entering the shop, offered a higher price. The young woman cast on him a look of dis-pleasure, and, whether she was unwilling to yield thus, or whether she greatly needed the goose.

pleasure, and, whether she was usual 1000 of dis-distance of the she was usualling to yield thus, or whether she greatly needed the goose, she bid higher in her turn, to the great atonish-ment of the retissor, who saw his goose rise thus rapidly to double its value. Then the Plenish woman bid still higher, hastilly three the money on the counter, and wizing the fowl before her competitor had time to oppose it, dashed into the street and fled.

The adventure was a singular one. He, Charles the Fifth, the great emperor, the king of Spain and the Indies, compelled to submit to a defeat, and for what if for a goose! Half anory, half langthing at his misadventure, he left the shop of the ordszer, and yielded to the fantary which came into his mind to know what female had dared thus to countend with him.

The young woman walked with hasty steps through obscure and dirty lanes, where the inexpert feet of the monarch could with difficulty follow her. At lisk, arrived at a street more narrow and lithy, than the others, she disappeared through a narrow and half-closed door. Charles was hesitating to follow her farther, when joyous bursts of langhter reached him.

"By my patron saint, it seems there is a gala here; I will take a part in it; it shall not be said that so fine a goose passed so near my lips without my tasting it."

And the king in his tern pushed the door, which readily yielded to his hand. Directed by the noise of the fassiers, he traversed without impediment a narrow corridor, and reached a second door, whose disjointed partitions allowed to escape here and there gleams of light; he lifted the latch, and found himself in a vast smooky asloon, in the midst of which was triamphantly displayed the fine goose, joyously flanked by numerous posts of beer and some bottless of wine. Around the table, seated on rickety stools, were trensty men, whose trade it was easy to recognize by their aprons, and the smell of leather, listening to the amusing story of the combat of a new kind of which has triamphantly displayed the fine goose, joyously flanked by numerous posts of beer and some bottless of wine. Around the table, seated on rickety stools, were trensty men, whose trade it was easy to recognize by their aprons, and the smell of leather, listening to the amusing story of the combat of a new kind of which has triamphantly displayed the fine goose, joyously flanked by numerous yous some one who would undertake to repair it,—for a recompense, understand."

"Which way is your dwelling?" was assed of him.

"At the importal palace."
"Ma fol! a fine place for a citizen. After all, if one has gold in his pockets, he may lodge anywhere."

They arrived quickly before the palace gates. "Here," said the stranger, smilling; and detaching himself from the group which surrounded him, he presented himself alone before the sentiael, who recognized him and hastened to render him the military honors.

"But this is then—"
"The Emperor Charles Fifth," finished the soldier.

"But this is then—"
"The Emperor Charles Fifth," finished the soldier.
"The emperor I" and all drew back, seized with astonishment and terror.
"Yes, my masters, the emperor himself, who thanks you for the good supper you have given him this evening."
Still restrained by fear and respect, no one dared break the silonce.
"Well I have none of you anything to ask mo!" asked Charles the Fifth; "for I do not forget that I have a double soot to pay: first, for my share in the feast; afterwards, for certain opinions by which I may profit."
"Well, sire! since you will it, we will ask of you not one, but two favors. Will you permit our corporation to take for arms a crowned boot, and to be present every year at the supper of St. Crispin with swords at our sides !"
The emperor smiled.
"Is this all !" asked he.
"All."
"It is granted."

"All."
"It is granted."
"Long live our Emperor Charles!" exclaimed twenty voices at once.
"Silence! elience!" gaily ordered the monarch; "no one, not even myself, has a right to disturb the alumbers of good citizens."
The shoemakers of Brussels have still for an emblem a crowned boot, and more than a century after the period when this history transpired, one seas in this same city, overy year, at St. Crispin's, the shoemakers wear a sword for several hours, and to strangers, curious and surprised at the spectacle, they relate the story you have just read, registered in their annuls at the page to which were annexed the letters patent of the emperor. And they add: as good counsels are always good, from whatever source derived, the emperor did not neglect those which they had have thus given him without knowing him, and more than once acknowledged that he had profited by the supper of St. Crispin.

AND THE COL TLAG of our UNION and the state of t

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Terms of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, \$2.00 per annual, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the appration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page. * All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. HALLOU, Boston, Mass., proprietor of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, post paid.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"Harry "a take by M. V. if: Laor.

"TOTAL Learner, "a take by M. V. if: Laor.

"TOTAL Learner, "Jack in Gales," a story by

"TATALE CORP. Jac.

"Jackelim Marst," an historical sketch, by ARRE T.

"Halle.

"Laor.

"Hall in who never grow old," a humorous scene by the

to "UR."

TERM.

ARTICLES DECLISED.

"The Shipwreck" "To my Molher," "To the False One," "I love the fragrant Horn," "To Unartly," "The Shipwreck" you wintender, ""To Unartly," "The Wilson on a green," "A young Student's Thoughts," and "Better hops are coming."

PORTRAITS AND SITTERS.

PORTRAITS AND SITTERS.

There is no end of portraits in the world, and yet there are very few good ones, comparatively very few that are like. Not because there are so few good portrait painters, but because there are so few good portrait painters, but because there are so few good sitters. It requires no small amount of talent to sit for a portrait; and this is something not generally recognized as a fixed fact. Bill Carcless is one of the most monchalant in the state of the state

curately; and Mr. Varnish is a great painterbut it is no likeness at all.

So with your friend, Mr. Moses Meek, old
Crossa's book-keeper, literally as mild as moonbeams, with little more expression than a turnip,
and a face as innocent as a Merino sheep's. He
must needs be handed down to posterity in oiljust as sardines are preserved for exportation.
He goes to Varnish—overybody goes to him.
But, unfortunately, Meek belongs to a mility
company, and his wife will have him done in
regimentals. Unfortunately, too, Meek has read
Henry V.'s address to his soldiers, and acts on
his advice.

savrico.

'in peere there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
Bit, when the blast of war blows in your ears,
Then initiates the action of the diger;
Stiffich the sheave, and draw hard the breath,
Diguide fair nature with hard-favored range;
Then incut the yes a terrible support.

Like a brass cannon—let the brow o'erwhelm it

Lase a tress cannon-set the core overwhelm it."

Consequently, Moses sits in his bearskin cap
and scarlet coat, glaring at Varnish as if he
would eat him up; and when the portrait is
done, nobody knows it, and his best friends say
of it: "That Moses ?—pooh! that looks like a
soldier."

d.ne, nobody knows it, and his best friends say of it: "That Moses T—pool ! that looks like a soldier."

Almost every one has a strange propensity to escape from himself, and to stand in somebody-seles's shoes; hence the prodigious popularity of masquerades, fancy balls and private theatricals. A girl is never so happy as when allowed to put on her great great-grandmother's brocade gown and lace lappets; and a boy of six, when left to himself, at once appropriates his father's spectace, and immerse himself in his father's shocts. One half the mischief in the world arises from people's assuming professions they are not fitted for. In this great tragic comedy of life, the parts are not cast well. Mr. Filly flap, the clown at the circus, is of a very serious turn, and piously inclined. The Rev. Mr. Ranter, who is a very poor preacher, would have made a capital major of dragoons. Liston, the English comic actor, wanted to play tragedy; Finn was perpetually doing it.

Now all these good people, when they come to sit for their portraits, indulge their favorite whims at the expense of their own identity and the painter's reputation. Mr. Eminent Gravity, who is noted for his dullices, persists in sitting with raised eyebrows and a broad grin upon his face; while Mr. Tops-Turcy, who is the maddest wag about town, looks as if he had lost every friend he had in the world.

Hence it is that the majority of portraits are unsatifactory. But once in a great while comes a painter, who can not only draw, but draw out his sitter; who can dive beneath the surface, and can read the real character of man and woman; who, by some chance remark, brings to the face of the model the natural traits and naturel expression. In the hands of such a painter, a true artist, portraits are not copies of lines face, but the glow of the sool. Such a painter was Gilbert Suart, and such portraits were his master-pieces.

ALL IN THE TRADE.—Irish and Scotch laces, worth over \$1,000,000, are sent every year to the United States, where most of them are sold as in French," "Marseilles," or "Brussels," this it is the fashion to believe are better than those made in Great Britain.

BOTH PAPERS.—In renewing subscriptions pon the Flag and Pictorial, let our readers re tember that by enclosing four dollars they obtain the papers for one year.

A BIG POTATO.—A sweet potato, twenty aches in circumference and weighing nearly oven pounds, has been raised in Mobile.

TENTH YOLUME.

In announcing the Flag of our Union for the new year 1855, we deem it necessary to promise but little; the paper after nine years of unyers of the paper after nine years of unyers of the paper after nine years of unyers of any pitting. By liberal management its circulation has reached to so large an edition that, while we furnish the finest of paper and issue a journal entirely original, the products of the best while we furnish the finest of paper and issue a journal entirely original, the products of the best and most popular writers, we are yet able to furnish it at the same low rate as our cotemporaries.

Three more numbers will complete the present volume, when we shall commence the new year with new type, a new dress throughout, and a new and elegant heading, the proprietor being resolved to make the tenth volume of the Flag superior to any of its predocessors. It will continue to give the same large annount of original and entertaining sketches, stories and novelettes, and fresh spirit will be impared to its coltional department, which will be are related from its department, which will be are related from its columns everything of an immoral or indiciate nature, so that parents need not fear to place it in the hands of their children, or maidens to read aloud from its columns. It shall be a refined and acceptable visitor to old and young, and freighted with pleasant reading and sound articles, embracing bistorical romance, pictures of social life, anecdotes, genus of thought and with and humor.

By reference to our terms, on another page, it will be seen that any person who sends us sixteen subscribers will receive the seconteent copy gratis. Subscribe cardy and have the numbers from the first of the year. Notwithstandfig we printed a largely increased edition has the numbers from the first of the year. Notwithstandfig we printed a largely increased edition that he numbers from the first of the year. Notwithstandfig we printed a largely increased edition that he numbers from the first of

and we were obliged to disappoint many.

A NEW LIGHT.

A correspondent furnishes the editor of the New York Tribune with the following: An important discovery, after five years incessant labor has lately been completed by a gentleman near New York, which is expected to cause a great revolation in the price of coal and gas. It is an entire new light, white in color, resembling much the light of day. It will be able to be obtained at such a price as will be within the means of every person. It is called "Arthur's Washington Light." It will supercede the necessity of laying down gas piping in streets and houses, as it is portable, and requires no piping of any kind, and can be carried without inconvenience, from one room to another. The lamp is not easily put out of repair, and requires no care after one lighting. It is perfectly safe, and not liable to the accidents of other lamps. The inventor is most sanguine as to its applicability to all locomotive engines, instead of coal or other feel.

motive engines, instead of coal or other fael.

The Salem Journal says that the other night as a large train from Gloucester, drawn by two engines, came sweeping round the curve in the road, near the gas works, the engineers of both engines started their whistles, and continued their shrill music for some minutes, producing a most unearthly sound, accompanied with cheers from several hundred persons, the burning of Bengal lights, firing of rockets, etc. A gentleman of the Second Advent persuasion, who has been expecting the last trump to blow for ten days past, awakened by the unearthly din, jumped out of bed, hallooing "The Lord has come! Glory! Glory!" and ran out to meet be Bridgeroom; instead of whom he met a delegation of eight or ten hundred Know Nohing from Danvers, Beverly and Salem, on their return from Gloucester.

BENEVENTANO AND SONTAG .- A late Mexi BINETENTATO AND SOFTAG.—A late Mexican paper says that Beneventano, the robust-buffo, has retired from the stage, he having become reconciled to his family in Italy. His mother assigns him a large property on the condition that he quies the stage. It is stated that remains of the lamented Sontag, who died in Mexico, were conveyed to Vera Czuz Like any ordinary package, in a common earrier's cart, and are now deposited in a church outside the town, waiting the consent of spome ship captain to convey them to England. A letter of Uct. the asys that as yet none has been found who would admit the body into his vessel.

FOR KANSAS.—The last party of emigrants Kansas during the present season, numbered FOR KANASA.—The last party of emigrants for Kanasa daring the present season, numbered thirty persons when if left Boston recently, on the way to the far West. At Springfeld it was joined by three others. The Springfeld Republican remarks that a much larger number would have gone had not the Emigrant Aid Company discouraged emigration at so late a period.

PCRE BRANDY.—Since the French government have forbidden the distillation of cereals, a very active export demand has spuring up here for rune chickey and common runs, and prices have materially advanced, with large freight engagements for France. When it comes back it will not be recognized, either by smell or taste.

FROM NORTHERN MINNESOTA.—The St. Paul papers state that the inhabitants of the Pembi-na settlement, on the Red River of the north, have suffered much of late from the depreda-tions of the Indians.

VERY KIND.—The jailors in Cincinn ind fellows. The Gazette mentions a co kind fellows. The Gazette mentions a case of a convicted murderer there who was taken to the theatre by one of the jail officials.

SEVERE.—The London Chronicle, in speak-ing of the ex-queen of Spain, Christian, says that "deceit, peculation and greediness are among her minor demerits."

WORTH REMEMBERING,-Never defer that till to-morrow which you can do to-day; never do that by proxy, which you can do yourseif.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The present is the first year since 1847, that Massachusetts has elected a governor by the people Bishop Wainwight's library, consisting of ten thousand volumes, is to be sold at action. They that feed on windom, shall still be hungry; and they that drink her, shall still be thirsty. Five members of the Canadian Parliament are natives of the United States.

The shipments of specie from New York for this year, thus fra, amount to \$35,327,984.

Every medal hath its reverse; every convenience carries is abatement.

and year, mus are amount to esso, or year.

Every medal hath its reverse; every convelence carries its abatement.

New Orleans has given five thousand majority
a favor of the liquor-licende system.

Flour has been shipped from San Francisco to
Dina, recently.

Money makes not so many friends as it
oes enemies.

Mr. Macaulay has just returned from a
engthened tour in Switzerland.

They have begun to teach German in the
ability schools in Louisville.

Why cannot women get a letter out of the
out-office in the same order that men do?

The number of copies on newspapers annually
listributed in the United States, is 500,000,000.

They have commenced boring an Artesian
well on the Plana, at Stockton, California.

A man that does the best he can, does all he
hould.

It is stated that there are now 5000 settlers in

It is estaed that there are now 5000 settlers in the Territory of Kanasa.

Rev. Dr. Potter was ordained Bishop of New York Diosces, on the 23d ult.

Excess in apparel is a coatly folly; the very trimmings wealst clothe all the naked.

An incendiary was recently caught in the act of firing a building in Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Clipper slip Cornet lately made the passage from Liverpool to Hong Kong, in 85 days.

It is more honorable, not to have and yet deserve, than to have and not deserve.

Thomas P. Cope, formerly an eminent merchant in Baltimore, lately died there, aged 87.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL. VOLUME EIGHTH.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

VOLUME HIGHTH.

We are resolved to commence the New Year
in a style of real excellence and beauty which
the Pictorial has never yet reached. To ensure
this, we have engaged a large corps of artiss,
designers and engravers, and shall increase the
number of Illustrations from one to tee hundred
per annum—one more entire page being devoted
to this purpose, making eight illustrated pages
in each number. Besides this, the Pictorial
will appear on a quality of paper vastly supeprior to what has been used heretofore, having a
pearl satin surface, hard and glossy, to impart
beauty to the engravings, which will also be of
a greatly improved character, artistic, original
and timely.

The new proprietor is fully determined to
make the Pictorial a paper that shall be a credit,
not only to Boston, but to the whole coinnity,
and not one particle behind the best European
illustrated journals. Its literary character will
also be greatly improved, and more attention
given to its descriptive department and editorials;
for which purpose the proprietor has associated
with himself, as assistant editor, Farners A.

DENTYAGE, Esq., a gentleman well known in
the literary world as a ripe scholar, a graceful
and ready writer, and an author whose fame is
already established. This arrangement will
greatly enhance the value of the Pictorial.

Notwithstanding that a very heavy increased
expense is incurred to improve and perfect the
paper, it will be observed that there is no change
to the prior, but that any person sending ustime to the prior, but that any person sending ustime to the prior, but that any person sending ustime to the paper, it will be observed that there is no change
to the prior, but that any person sending ustime to the paper, it will be observed that there is no change
to the prior, but that any person sending ustime to the paper, it will be observed that there is no change
to the prior, but that any person sending ustive to the paper, it will be observed that there is no change
to the

Older Time.—In Lisbon, Ct., there is an ancient church edifice, in which for the last fifty years, Rev. Mr. Nelson has been the pastor. It is more than one hundred years old, and never has been repaired upon the inside, nor have the powe erre bens painted or remodelled. The pulpit is on the side of the house, instead off the end, and there is a sounding board over it, and the deacons' seat is directly in front. The pews are the old fashioned square kind, and the gallery is in the old style, with the tithing men's seats in conspicaous places.

LIBERAL—An American rifeman, named Doss, who had done great service to Chamorro, President of Central America, by his skill as a marksman, was early in August mortally wounded, and afterwards died, a Protestant. At his death he was refused burial in the Catholic cemetery, but Chamorro had him buried with great military honors, and forced the priests, under penalty of death, to say twenty-five masses for his soul.

INPROVING.—A gentleman writing from California concerning the habits of the people of that thriffy State, which got its growth before most States cut their first teeth, says: "Old boots and shoes, and old clothes, are mended now, and not thrown into the streets less than half worn, as formerly."

Poon Fellow.—The editor of a country newspaper thus takes leave of his readers: "The sheriff is waiting for us in the next room, so we have no time to be pathetic. Major Nai'em says we are wanted, and must go. Delinquent subscribers, you have much to answer for. Heaven may forgive you, but I never can."

MINISTERIAL.—The amount paid in salaries to the Boston clergy, of all denominations, is stimated at the annual sum of \$240,000. The fethodists pay the smallest salaries, the Unitains the largest.

FINANCIAL —The total expenditures of the city of Boston, for the present financial year, are estimated at \$4,036,741. The largest item is for schools and school-houses, viz., \$437,200.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

THE CREE. CARO"Bidorado," No. 13. by TROMAS BULITINE.
"The Queer Man's Will," a tale by GILBARY LE FRYRE.
"Engli-h Scene vs. Websterian Nonsense," a sketch by KRR WILLIAM HERSEN.

"Engil-h Sense vs. Websterian Nonsense," a si zenst Willium Hessert".
"A Memory of Free." verses.
"My Native Home," lines by Ben: Perlet Poo " Jimes to a Friend," stanzas by H. O. WILT. " The Wanderer," a poem by Grace Friencisz.

We give this week one of our nittled Canvass Back Shooting.

A series of engravings, giving a view of Grecian seems and localities; first, a street in Larissa: second, a view of Larissa and Mount Olympus; third, Mount Ossa and the Peneus; and Sourth, a portrait of an old Albanian Warrior

An engraving of Point Alderton, Boston Harbon A bird's-eye view of the Fairmount Water Philadelphia.

A birdt-ways van-Philadelphia.
A general view of Fairmount Water Works.
A reprosentation of various interesting relies recently discovered by Dr. Res. in his explorations in the Areti-regions in search of fit John Franciski.

ntation of the Neck Lighthouse at Marb aving of the Town House at Marblehead On The Proportion is for sale at all the Periodical Depots the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

An Anti-Mormon Society has been organized in Dublin, Ireland.

The French Government has prohibited the distillation of spirits from corn or other bread-

On the recent return of the Pope to Rome, the cortico of Raphael and the stairs of the Vatican were lighted with gas for the first time.

were lighted with gas for the first time.

A young lady in Paris lately made her fortieth, ascent in a balloon, and landing in the country the trusties matterated her as a witch.

It is estimated that 32,000 persons have left the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland within the past six and a half years, and joined the Protestant Church.

the Fanheon, Paris.

In most parts of Europe, the vintage of the present year is far below the average. In Italy the vine has uterly failed. In Portugal and Spain there will be a great dediciency.

There are some two or three thousand English living in St. Petersburg, in perfect composure. There is no interruption of the mails, and they receive letters regularly from their friends in

they shall have succeeded the London Leader resto the United States.

Experiments have been made with success by the Prussian military engineers to connect a field or flying telegraph line, with the great per-manent lines. In two hours ten men iaid down a length of five miles of wire.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

The forgetting of a wrong is a mild reven

Ambition to rule is more vehement than mal-ice to revenge.

We fancy we hate flattery, when all that we hate is the awkwardness of the flatterer. Prejudice and relf sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind.

mankind.

Though an action be ever so glorious in itself, it ought not to pass for great, if it be not the effect of wisdom and good design. writte, is to follow it; and, the best way to cry down another's vice, is to decline it.

The true way to advance another's virtue, is to follow it; and, the best way to cry down another's vice, is to decline it.

The grifts of the mind are able to cover the defects of the body; but the perfections of the body.

The exceptioning of will it many times wore.

annot hide the imperfections of the mind.
The apprehension of evil is many times worse
han the evil itself; and the ills a man fears he
hall suffer, he suffers in the very fear of them.

The tallest trees are most in the power of the winds, and so are ambitions men in the power of the blasts of fortune. Great marks are soon est hit.

It is an disagreeable for a proligal to keep an account of his expenses, as it is for a sinner to examine his concever; the deeper they search, the worse they find themselves.

Complesismen pleases all, prejudices none, aforms wit, renders humor agreeable, ayagenets justice and generosity, becomes the secret charm of the society of all mankind.

It is the little troubles that wear the heart out. It is casier to throw a bomb shell a mile, than a feather—even with artillery. Forty little debts end dunning than one big one of a thousand.

Joker's Budget.

Mrs. Partigion wishes to know if Ole Bull plays on one of his own borna! Before you commit anyide take a cold bath. What people term despair is generally dirt. Sulphur is o searce in Russis that it is said the Czar is ready to contract with another celebrated prince, whose dominions abound in that commodity.

The unfortunate youth who was drowned a few days ago in a "flood of tender recollections," was shally recording that yeareday he fall from was shally recording that yeareday he fall from the contract of the reliable of the properties of the results of the results of the reliable of the results of the results of the reliable of the reliable of the results of the reliable of

jured.

The editor of a Western paper thus introduces me verses: "The poem published this week, as composed by an esteemed friend who has in in the grave many years merely for his own musement."

in the the grave many years merely man over a many or account for the extraordinary.

"Mine, can you account for the extraordinary curve in this horse's back?" "Sure, an' I can, si. Before the batte was your property, sie was backed agin an Irish horse that bate he's hollow, and she niver got straight since."

A connry squire introduced his baboon, in clerical habits, to say grace. A clergyman, who was present, 'immediately left the table, and saked ten thousand parkons for not remember; the state of the st

orders.

A man says, the first thing that turned his attention to matrimony, was the neat and skilful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom the may see the time when the manner in which the broom is handled will not afford him so much satisfaction.

The first American vessel that anche the river Thames after the peace, attractor numbers to see the stripes. A British hailed, in a contemptuous tone, "from came ye, brother Jonathan?" The boretorted, "straight f.om Bunker's Hill."

Quill and Scissors.

389

ne celebrated barque Grapeshot, which cres-o much excitement a fire months ago about, ing a cargo of Gronge Law's muskets down mouth of the Missistery Law's muskets down mouth of the Missistery Cork. Bit as sharp of the Cork, which is the state of the the East River, New Tork. Bit as sharp clipper, with a carred common on her bow, American flags on her storn, and books as if night be a fast saller.

At Richmond, Va., one night last week, the wife of an engineer on the Central Railroad was awakened by some one who was endeavoring to place a phial or some other small vessel with chloroform in it to her nose. She shouted "murder," the house was alarmed and the fel-

marries," the bouse was alarmed and the fellow ran.

A pair of pure brid Cashmere goats were recently bought by some gentlemen in Richmond,
Va., for fitteen hundred dollars. The wool from
nother pair of the same lot, when examined by
a microscope, compared precisely in fineness with
nother pair of the same lot, when examined by
a microscope, compared precisely in fineness with
On Monday week the inhabitants of Cape Idand, New Jersey, were astonished by the sight of
a large whale, which was crutining backward and
forwards within a quarter of a mile of the shore.
No attempt was made to capture it for want of
The Madison (Ind.) Banner says—"Martin
Roberts, who resides about sit miles below fladkind, in Kentucky, inforns us that he has a hog
hat weight upward of nineteen hundred pounds,
which he has rold for \$200."
The New York Mirrors says that many of the
National Cashmer of the control of the control

Several persons died very suddenly bury, Md., recently, after indulging free ing oysters. The symptoms are said been those of Asiatic cholera.

The State Alms House at Palme 500 inmates, having recently receiv ment of 80 from the Towksbury which has 900.

The Rome Sentinel says the work in progress at that village to feed the Eric Canal with the waters of the Mohawk is in a fine state of forardness.

More than \$5000 have been contributed by iritish residents of New York for the relief of iritish widows and orphans, made such by the ar with Russia.

The total deaths by cholera in New York, om May 28th to November 4th, amounted to 351. During the same period, in 1849, 5015. A recent census of Rock Island, Illinois, shows a population of 5337. Increase since 1850, 3026.

shows a population of \$337. Increase since 1850, 3096.
The total coinage of the United States Mini in Philadelphia, from Jamasy 1st to September 30th, amounted to \$43,079,121.
The cars of the Eire Railroad last week brought to New York ten thousand seven hundred and forty-three live hogs.
Contributions for the destitute survivors of the wrecked ship. New Ern have been secured in New York to the amount of \$6000.
The Albany market is enirely bare of whiskey, and there was little disposition to operate in breadstuffs at the present price.
A meeting was recently held at Louisville, to take measures to tunnel the Ohio River as that point. The estimated cost is \$1,200,000.
The capitol extension at Albany is nearly completed.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. John E. Folsom > Miss Mary Ann Lucas; Mr. Luke H. Scoffeld to Mhs stharine C. Clay. By Rev Mr. Streeter, Mr. Riches W. Catharine C. Clay.

By Rev Mr. Streeker, Mr. Richard Welch to Miss Margaret Welch.

A. Skinner, Mr. George H. Prince to Miss Margaret L. Coolings.

By Rev. W. T. Smithett, Mr. Edward Kennedy to Miss Sarsh Kilnowsky.

By Rev. W. T. Smithett, Mr. Charles W. Tilden to Miss Justed M. Oddorn, yr Rov. Mr. Charles W. Charles Clay. Streeter, Mr. Richard Welch to Miss Ma

Deaths.

To this city, Mr. Samuel Dans, 69; Miss Mary Simonds, 78; Mr. John Williams, (colored), 60, for more than 20 years a Shift's several in the family of the lab Madim Blanch, 1985, 19

THE FROST ANGEL

Something bright
Like silver light,
Purely and serency white,
O'er my gradeo just went by;
And I ponder and I wonder
As I gass with straining eye,
Where it passed mysteriouslyCan it be an angel, sent
on some greak, divine intent,
From its native sky?

Now again, as white as anow, following like a thing calestial, Where the garden flowers glow, With a beauty half terrestrial. Passes that strange, mystle form, Whita ha contistretched, waving ar As it scatters far and wide, Drops of white on every side; As it stilly passes by, On an air of mystery.

When next the morning light return of Over eastern hills shall come s-burnin Thoes flowers shall not again arise, To greet the flushing of the skies, For well I know that they are dying; And never more may form and west; And the shall come to the shall be shall compile.

And aprinkled round their feet, Mis shill compile.

Now well I know, that form so white, That crossed my flower-beds to-night, Was the Frost Angel, who nips the flowers When rips or in their bloom; And spreads o'er vine-surrounded bowers, The white veil of the tomb.

m for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SERGEANT'S STRATAGEM. A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

WHEN KArl Peffer joined his regiment, which was under marching orders for—he knew not where,—be took a very fond and affectionate leave of his darling Noophine (a pretty black-eyed Italian girl), who loved him very devoted-ly. Karl had no idea when he would return to her, if over!—so dubious were the prospects of the poor soldier at the period of which we are writing, though he talked very flatteringly, and rear wiriting, though he talked very flatteringly, and really looped to greet his love again, at farthest, within a twelvemouth.

Karl was of German extraction, but was also

within a twelvemonth.

Karl was of German extraction, but was attached to the French army, which at this period had possession of the petry states of Italy, where a wretched tyramy had been repaired for a proper. The conflict had assumed the characteristics of bandit oppression, and the hand of every man in authority seemed turned against his neighbor, until the great Napoleon thrust his army into their midst, and gave the people—for a time, at least—a respectable constitution and government.

meganor, until the great Napoleon thrust his army into their midst, and gave the people—for a time, at least—a respectable constitution and government.

"I will return, dear Nephy," said Karl, embracing the fair girl, at last," and when the tyrants, who have so long robbed and desolated your fair lead, shall have been entirely subdued, i will marry you; and we will be very happy, to be sure."

"Nephy," as he called her, was in doubt, and she shook her head as she alluded to the horrors of war, and the chances that the young sergeant might be left somewhere with a bullet in his head, perhaps! Besides, the said men were uncertain, and more ospecially Krench-men, and ambitious young officers. Still, there was no present help for her. Peffer's regiment mans march next day, and whatever her secret plans may be a sure that it was equisite she must not only be adroit, but expeditious in carrying them into operation. Perhaps she had previously arranged them, and was prepared for the present emergency—who knows? Be that as is might, the lovers embraced again; Ked Lissed her bright, warm lips for the twentitious in carrying them the her had been to the them. And the proper her was not to the transmitted of the latter, and the to prepare to start on the following morning for—abody knows where.

In one of the extreme southerly departments of the Italian provinces, at this time, there was a notoriously offensive and lawless peasants and poor people of the region around him, and who had always been favored by those in power than the propers wayl, for two reasons, namely—he entertained a mortal ennity against a Pruedhman, and he was too powerful, when backed by his confederates and hirelings, for the local authorities around him to cope with successfully. So, though this chief of a banditive, this raseal, klobino, ddd perty much as helpeased, he was tolerated by those who should have caused helim.

The day before Kat's regiment started, there came tripping up to the colonel's tent a vonth-

have crushed him.

The day before Karl's regiment started, there came tripping up to the colonel's tent a youth ful stripling, who desired to join the French

forces.
"Mon dieu!" exclaimed the commander, as
soon as this youth had found his way befure him,
and he had glanced at his slender appearance,
"what can you do? Have you ever served in
military life!"

ilitary life ""
"No," was the reply, " not in the French ar"No," was the reply, " not in the French ar"I am an Italian, though, as you see, I can
ask your language indifferently. All your solrea are not French born, and I have been illated, like thousands of my countrymen. I
k for the opportunity to be avenged, and the
cench army will be triumphant."
"But, you are very slight in form, and you

know nothing of the fatigue and hard-hips of military life. What could you do, prey the "Place me where you will. I will not disgrace your goodness. I prefer to join the rear of your regiment. Will you enroll me the "What is your name the "Florento Decions." "Yes. You speak well, and we will give you the opportunity to show what you are made up of?"

And half an hour afterwards, young Florento answered with the rest to his name at the roll-call. He was a spirited, brare-locking youth, and declared that he would be promoted above the common ranks very shortly, if the chance were afforded him to exhibit his prowes; a boast which greatly annued the hardy and rough old veterans, who overheard it. But Florento returned their good-natured jibes, and said: "Wait, and we shall see!" The regiment got off the next day, and as it mored away down the valley outside of the town where is had been quartered for some months, a young grid stood at the side of the way, upon a small hill, beyond the line of their march, in the act of waving a snowy handkerchief as the soldiers passed. Karl could not distinguish the person's features at so great a distance, but he thought he knew the dress, and he had no doubt that it was his charming Kepby, who was there to hid him a final good-by. So he gazed long at the form of sight: "God bless my dear Noophine, and return us in safety!"

The soldiers more the riskly on, and while Karl, as sergeant, accompanied the van, young Florento kept his place in the last section of the company in the extreme rear. Much of the time who ever a companied the van, young Florento kept his place in the last section of the company in the extreme rear. Much of the time what several commands of the regiment were sparted, occasionally for a mile or a league, as they journeyed on, and they young Inlaina did not get rauch acquainted, for a while, with any one out of his own immediate meas. Thus matter went on, and for two months the march was kept up, by slow degrees, and without much serious interference, until it reached the vicinity (in the south of Italy) of a small town, then known as Bothne, where they halted to await further orders from the commanding general in that section.

The country within five or six legues of this rather insignificant place, had long been the theat cof Robino's operations, and the poople there gladly halied the presence of the Fr

As they passed the sentinel at the outer post, young Florento observed them, as he was standing at the moment near by when they gave the pass-word.

"Who are those?" inquired Florento, as the two young men moved away.

"One is Sregeant Peffer; the other a civilian, a friend of his."

"Where do they journey?"

"That I can't tell, boy. On a lark, probably; there's many a pretty-eyed 'demoiselle in the hills here, whom they can find out and frolie with when they will."

At this remark, the eyes of Florento sparkled a moment, and his check flushed; but the sentry did not notice it. The youth moved away, and soon after skulked quiety down behind the hill, and fell upon the track of the two travellers all unawares to them, however. They jogged on, and after two hours' walking, came to a sparsely-settled town, where they halted for refreshment; after which they turned aside from thore public way, and passed up to the northwest in search of the spot to which they had been directed. They wandered on till after noon considerably, and Florento dogged their tracks closely, leacedy longing sight of them for a moment, and never exciting their asspicious by exposing hinself to them; but still they did not find the place they sought. As night was approaching, they began to retrace their stepp, disappointed with the result of their day's unsuccessful jusine; but nitted of falling into the path by which they had come, they struck upon another, which, after a few windings, turned off to the southwest, and led them every step they moved still farther from the camp! Before sunsect, they had entirely lost them every step they moved still farther from the camp! Before sunset, they had entirely lost them revery step they moved still farther from the camp! Before sunset, they had depertacily hungered, for he had fasted since morning. But a small im soon hove in sight, and the two young adventurers-followed steathhily by Florento—entered the helfort the night, and a prescope of something to cat and drink. Florento did not wait for compl

tel for the night, glad enough to meet with any place that would afford them temporary shelter, and a prospect of something to eat and drink. Florento did not wait for compliments; but, ho-ing a native, and speaking the language readily, was soon supplied with a good supper of macca-roni, fruit and white wine; after the disposal of which, he felt very valiant and immensely re-frached.

There occurred soon after their arrival at this

inn, considerable stir about the premises, and four or five forbilding-looking rascals thrust their noses into the different rooms, as if their owners were in search of some party who had given them, or somebody clso, offence. Florestoobserved this movement, sepecially, but the other two strangers-Karl and his friend—did not. They were too busy in discussing their wine to notice the business of other people, and they knew nothing of what seemed to be going on, until, on a sudden, the door of their room opened rashly, and a dark-visaged, rough-featured Italian entered, and said:

"Monsteur Ronge, I believe 1"
The artist sprang \$\mathbf{p}\$, and asid:
"And what now \$\mathbf{l}\$"
"Nothing: only I see that you recollect me.

"And what now?"
"Nothing; only I see that you recollect me.
There is a little account, monsieur, as yet unsettled between us, you may also remember—eh?"
added the rude atranger.

"This is not the place for you to assail me,
and I will answer no questions here," said the
artist.

"We shall see, monsieur! I have dogged you, as I told you I would, for seven weeks. I have found you where your friends are not so-plenty as they were when last we met, and you will now pay for your mistake on that occasion with your head, monsieur!"

will now pay for your mistake on that occasion with your head, monsieur?"

"The law—"
"Pahaw!" said the other, quickly, "save your breath; you will want it before to-morrow night. You must now go with me."

"Whither?"
"Before the duke. He will conclude your business at once. I arrest you as a spy. If your friend here interferes, he shall join you directly. You will be shot, or strangled, within four-and-twenty hours after I prefer my charges against you! How do you like that? Come, monsieur, move!"

you? How do you late that? Come, monsiour, move!?

Six or eight strong, well-armed men entered at the stamp of the raffian's foot, and the artist was instantly pinioned. Karl was astounded, and did not know how to act. His newly made friend had plainly been guilty of some overt act that had thus brought such sudden vengeance upon his head, and he could scarcely believe that aught but merited punishment could possibly have prompted this apparent minion of the law to have acted thus summarily. Poor Karl did not then know who this man was, and he was but imperfectly acquainted with the habits and the iniquity that then prevailed in southern Italy.

not then know who this man was, and he was but imperfectly acquainted with the habits and the iniquity that then prevailed in southern Italy.

Felix Ronge was torn away rudely, before a word could be spoken in his behalf, and Kari was left behind to discharge the int bill. When he came out into the public room, he learned from the host that this pretended "official," who had thus ruthlessly selized upon his artist-acquaintance, was the redoubtable Robino, who, it afterwards turned out, had robbed the French painter soine months before, and who, in return, had caused the bandit's arrest, subsequently. On that occasion, however, Robino brought fifteen men—all his own hirelings—to swear that he signor Robino was with them (at the time of the assault upon the artist) sixty miles away from the spot where he had been robbed 10 frourse, he was instantly cleared, but he swore vergeance on poor Ronge, for thus placing him temporary peril. When the artist was found unwittingly within the precincts of Robino, had no character, no strength, no office, no power whatever, except what he caused to be accorded to him, directly or indirectly, through the far he created among the weak by means of his villany and known heartlessness. So, when poor Ronge was brought before the nominal agent of the convertion, and the artist was ordered to be hot on the following day. In vain were his protestations of innocence of any political knowledge of the state of affairs between the belligerent governments. In vain did he declare that he was but an humble artist, in search of certain ruins, which he described as well as he could. Drawings and outllines of various spots in the vicinity were fourd upon him, sufficient, in the crimation of the pope's agent, to dann a secre of spies! The unfortunate painter could not speak or medital and the language but very indifferent continuation of the pope's agent, to dann a secre of spies! The unfortunate painter could not speak or medital and condemnation as a core of spies!

Drawings and outlines of various spots in the vi-cinity were found upon him, sufficient, in the ea-timation of the pope's agent, to damn a secree of spies! The unfortnance painter could not speak or understand the language but very indifferent by; he was a Frenchman, clearly; Robino de-clared that he must die, and the nominal duke, who adjudged his case, put forth the flat for his immediate execution.

Robino chuckled at the sentence, grinned a ghastly smile, as he finally passed the prisoner, when he left the "august court" that had thus in-famously condemned his innocent victim, and with his confederates in crimes, the triumphant villain left the unlecky artist in the hands of the merciless minions of flatilian law.

This predicament, with certain death in pros-poce before him, before the setting of the suc-ceeding day's sum—was a vasily interesting di-lemma for Felix Ronge, the poor artist; who, five days previously, had confidently calculated to be on his final return home within a week-after his long and arduous professional tour

five days previously, had confidently calculated to be on his final return home within a week—after his long and arduous professional tour through Switzerland and Italy. He was instantly dragged to prison and incarcerated in a dungeon, where he held communication with no one save his keepers for the next twelve hours! In the mean time Karl had not been idle, lew as an officer in the French army, though his undress uniform, had, up to this time been covered with a blonue that concealed his rank. Half an hour after Rouge had been tora wayfrom the inn, on the evening after they arrived, a young man came into the partient where he sat, moedily thinking over what plan he could devise to save his artist friend—and addressed him in very had French. This youth was Horizon Decinni, who had followed the two travillers since morning, as we have already seen.

"Monsieur is troubled," remarked the boy, in

a tone of unaffected sympathy. "I am an Italian—haply, I can be of service to monsicur."
"No," said Karl, "the Italians cannot now be the friends of Frenchmen—we are caemics."
"Not all of us, monsicur. The emperor will live to bless the French here and statesman."
Karl looked upon the youthful speaker, and by the dim light in his little room saw that he appeared frank and honest. He wore a hand-some black monstache and heavy whiskers, his skin was dark, and his eye fiery and brilliant. He would trust him, he thought at length, and after a moment's hesitation, he replied:
"You speak fairly, and can aid us—since you are a native—undoubtedly, if you will."
"You me, monsicur. I give you my honor that I will act faithfully with your directions."
"Good, then!" exclaimed Karl, as a thought struck him. "Can you find this mas Robino, who has borne away my friend to-night ""
Easily, monsieur."
"Lose no time about it, then. He is a villain, and for the chance to destroy an officer of the French army, he will give up and free my com-

and for the chance to destroy an officer of the French army, he will give up and free my com-

"Lose no time about it, then. He is a villain, and for the chance to destroy an officer of the French army, he will give up and free my companion."

"What would you do?"

"I will offer myself in exchange for Ronge. Go to Robino, tell him that you will place me in his power, if he will consent to release the artist; and my arrest will be a mach prouder feather for his cap than the serifice of a poor penniless clitzen, who is too humble to be of any consequence to anybody here, dead or alive."

"And you will be shot or hung in the place of this young stranger!" exclaimed Florento, excitedly.

"No, no, there is no faar of that, signor."

"What then !"

"See here," "exturned Karl, opening his blouse, that had been buttoned closely to the throat up to this moment, "you observe that I am not deceiving you. I am an officer in the French army, and if you follow my directions implicitly—as you have volunteered to do, all will go right."

"But I must know your plan, first," insisted Florento, determinately.

"Yery well, then, listen. You will search out this Robino, give him the cue as I have proposed, and we will agree upon a spot—out of harm's way, in case he should refuse your proposal, and attempt to arrest me without his assurance to rolease my friend—where you may immediately conduct him to find me. The arrist will thus be free, and will very quickly make his escape, I warrant. There will be a day or two's delay, before any summary process will follow in respect to me, and do you think the French regiment, now within five or ak leagues of us, will not be likely to rescue me from harm?"

"Not at all. I am resolved on this. If you will undertake to aid me, you shall be amply rewarded; if not, I will instantly make this proposal in person to the civil authorities, here. Not time is to be lost. You shall be the messenger, do you see, to the colone of my regiment, amouncing to him the fact that I have been trapped by the treachery of this villain—whe is not so have been any thin the see that the tray, and I shall surery

save him?"
"No, no. I will join you in the scheme you

save him?"

"No, no. I will join you in the scheme youpropose."

A place was pointed out by Florento where
he would meet him in company with Robinoart midnight—if he succeeded with that scoundrel, and they parted at once. While Karl was
left to reflect upon the chances before him, and
to prepare a letter to the colonel of his regiment,
which had been agreed upon be texeen him and
Florento, announcing to him his peril, and asking his instant aid in such manner as he might
think advisable, under the circumstances, Florento started off under the landlord's direction,
to find Robino, or the officials, to present the
proposal of Karl for his frind's release.

The bandit Robino was found within two
hours; and after a few minutes' reflection, he assented, with a good deal of apparent satisfaction to the offer of exchanging the person of the
insignificant painter for that of a live French
officer; and he instantly gave his promise that
Ronge—who was to have been shot the next
versing, should be released immediately, upon
the hiding-place of Karl being made known to
him. He also went with Florento to the nomnal judge "duke," and that functionary agreed,
too, that Robino's plan should be necespied, and
that the painter should be set at likery as soon
as the sergeant reached Ronge's prison-house.

In good spirits at the success of Karl's plan,
that far, but nevertheless donfield and fearly
interial back to the sergeant,—after making his midnight appointment with Robino—and gave Karl
all the information needful.

"Now, my young fitted," said Karl, hur"Now, my joung fitted," said Karl, hur-

night appointment with Robino—and gave Karl all the information needful.

"Now, my young friend," said Karl, hurricdly, "secure a swift horse at your earliest convenience, and after I am in Robino's hands, suffer no delay to occur until you place in the colonels' possession this letter, which will tell my story, briefly, and ensure my release within five hours after the document reaches him. Compress vous?"

"Yes, yes," responded the youth, and he quickly disappeared to obtain his horse for the coming midnight journey.

At the appointed hour, the French sergeant was conducted by Florento to the spot where the latter had agreed with Robine to deliver him up. He wore no blouse on this occasion, and his inclinical rank was quickly discovered by the lynx-yes of the bandit rased, as Karl approached to fallil his share of the marderous contract he had undertaken. He was roughly scied by Robin'no's men, and was as rudely borne away amid the darkness to the prison that had been prepared for him.

Florento saw the sergeant on his way to pris-

on, and he immediately hastened to horse with Karl's letter to his colonel. Meanwhile, the young French officer was thrust into confinement. As soon as he reached the prison, he demanded the artist's release, but Robino and the papal officials haughed at his innocence! "Did you not promise this?" asked Karl, deeply alarmed and chagrines at being thus over-reached by the two scoundrels with whom he was dealine.

deeply alarmed and chagrined at being that was deeply alarmed and chagrined at being that over-reached by the two secondrels with whom he was dealing.

"This is not the place for you to ask questions," said the pope's agent, pointing to Karl's uniform. "You are a French officer; we do not office acted such fish in our nest, here! You are our prisoner. Your friend, of whom you speak, is doomed; he will be shot to-morrow noon. If you have any preparation to make, meantime, be about it, for your hours are numbered! You will die, with him, before the setting of another sun. Away with him!"

The order was quickly obeyed, and Karl Peffer found himself soon after within the four low walls of a miserably damp hole that was dignified with the name of a prison-cell—alone, and not in the best of spirits—while his companion of the morning, Felix Ronge, was just as near to being liberated as he was three hours previously, and no more so!

Florento knew nothing of all this. He could not afford to lose any time, otherwise he would have tarried a few minutes after delivering upon his providential escape from the clutches of those modern. "Philistinse." But it was well that he did not wait! Though he confidently supposed that the painter would very soon reach he camp in a safety, after he performed his part of the agreement, as he had, But neither Robinson or the "duke" had ever entertained the slightest idea of conforming to their promise; and, had Karl been a little better acquainted ino nor the "duke" had ever enterained the silghtest idea of conforming to their promise; and, had Karl been a little better acquainted with the villains he was that sealing with, he would have known better than to have trusted them! However—the painter mourned, Karl was angry but calm and hopeful—and Florento dashed into the French camp before daybreak with the following letter from Karl Peffer, addressed to the commander of the regiment to which he belonged:

which he belonged:

"MY DRAIN COUNTL:—I have no date for this, as it is written in a spot that I know mothing of. The bearer will point out the way hither, and I will only say that I am arrested and shall be shot or swung up, to-morrow, by the misions of Italian law, unlear you rescue me!

"Time presses, and I can only add that if I am seasonably sared, I will explain all to my commander's satisfaction; but that it will be oncessary to take instantaneous steps to relieve me, will be apparent to you, of course. Come, then, and at once, with a strong force, or I am lost I The messenger, who is a friendly Italian, will conduct you thinher.

"Yours in trouble,

Kall Peffer, Sergeant, de., etc."

As soon as the colonel could read this missive.

Karl Ferfer, Sevyend, etc., etc."

As soon as the colonel could read this missive, he demanded of the messenger, whom he did not recognize in his disgnised attive and false hair, how far distant Kart then was, and learned that he was imprisoned about eixteen miles away; and briefly told him how the two young men had found their way into the place, how they had been taken by Robino, etc.

In a very brief space of time, an advance of fifty men were well mounted, and at sunrise, three hundred picked soldiers joined them. The detachment was headed by the licutenant colonel of Karl's regiment, a daring and intrepid soldier, and, under conduct of Florento, they hastened forward to the rescue of their companion: in arms.

hastened forward to the reserve of their companion-in arms.

No communication whatever had been permitted between the prisoners. Robino, with his gang, librising for the blood of the two defence-less victims of the volber's displeasure, were on the pair vice for the approaching execution, in which they were permitted to take a part—thaving been ordered by the pretended 2 duke "that the two prisoners should be shot, at meridian, by a Bio of twenty Italian soldiers. The roate back to the spot where they were imprisoned, was a tortious one, and Florento was not sure of his way. From this cause, considerable delay occurred, and it was almost unon before the French detachment came in sight of the place they sought.

A few minutes previous to their coming, Karl and his companion strongly pinioned, had been brought out from their cells, and were placed face to face for the first time since they had prired se studdenly on the previous night. Bong case to find Karl a prisoner also, but he soon learned that the face of both, alike, had been determined on by their fero-cious enemies. Without enternalising the slightest asspicion that the French soldier; were within thirty

he soon tearned time too have or soon, ance, mas been determined on by their feroclous enemies. Without enternaining the slightest asspicion that the French soldiery were within thirty leagues of the place where he then was, Robino was watching the proceedings that were passing prior to the cont.mplaced sacrifice which he had been instrumental in that bringing so nearly to a consumnation, and his fiendish delight was most extravagently evinced, in his miserable taunts and abuse of the doomed Frenchnite, whose race he so supermedy hated. While he was thus occupied, and the final arrangements were being made to dispose of the two prisoners, a cry of terror and astonishment ran through the morely crowd of lookers-on, as a company of mounted French soldiers suddenly hove in sight on the hill-top near by, and then came dashing mounted French soldiers studenty hove in signa-on the hill-top near by, and then came dashing down towards the spot, under conduct of the young Italian, Florento, whom Robino instantly

young Italian, Florento, whom Robino instantly recognized.

The bandit's guard of twen y men were instantly summoned to a stand for defence, by their leader, and the attendants of the nominal "dake," numbering as many more, were also ordered to fall into line. Down came the horsemen, however, with determined strides. "Quick if whouted Florento, mally rushing to the scene, "quick if you value the life of your sergenn! See, he is pinioned yonder, and they are about to destrey him!"

"Forward, men!" yelled the intrepid lieutenant colonel; and, driving the rowels into the flanks of their horses, they quickly found themselves

upon the plain, where the execution was arranged to have taken place within fifteen minutes there-

to have taken place within fifteen minutes thereafter.

"Frenchmen! they are Frenchmen!" scream"Frenchmen! are Frenchmen!" screamel Robino, enraged at this turn in his prospects,
and seeing by whom this attempted rescue had
been planned. "Down with them! Forward,
men, and show yourselves true and valiant followers of Robino, the brave!" And thus speakling, he dashed upon the colonel, sword in hand
dent madly rushing upon him and his followers,
hacked by his desperate and never-yielding companions in sin.

Shot after shot quickly succeeded the onalaught, and the soldiers who were on foot, in
the rear of the mounted men, hastened quickly
forward, as they suddenly overheard the sound
of discharged muskets and pistols.
Florento sprang to the side of Karl, and cut

of discharged muskets and pistols.

Florente sprang to the side of Karl, and cut away the cords that bound his hands and arms. As soon as the sergeant was free, in the midst of the confusion that had occurred (and while he Italian "officials" were each man striving to take care of himself), Karl severed the bonds that bound the limbs of his lase companion in misery, and the two prisoners sprang forward into the sedec, with a hearty good will. The chances of this skirmish were unequal, because the Frenchmen were badly mounted, and their animals were totally unused to this sort of knockdown scene, while the handits and their friends were all well armed and resolute men, who fought for their lives—every one of them—as they very well knew, on this occasion.

In his very choicest Italian, the renowned and setonethal. Badis—

they very well knew, ou this occasion.

In his very choicest Italian, the renowned and redoubstable Robino cheered on his men, and violently cursed the French in general, and his present opponents in particular; but, above all, was his ire aroused at the apparent periday of young, Florente, who was his countryman, and who had evidently joined issues with his French enemies. But this youth, though sufficiently plave and daring, and quite as deeply interested in the fact of Karl as any one could well be (as we well ascertain in the seegeel to our story), was more cunning than valiant, and he kept out of the reach of Robino's stalwort arm, fully aware of the perial he would encounter if the bandis could but reach him.

reach of Robino's stalwort arm, fully aware of the peril he woold encounter if the bandis could but reach him.

In the midst of the skirmish, the three hundred French soldiers mounted the bill, beheld the conce beyond them, and poured down upon the belligerents with resistless energy. Recognizing their companions, and selecting their opponents with case, after the first fire of the reserve not a single enemy could be found,—the few who were not a killed or mortally wounded having precipitately field, upon the advance of the French soldiers in their rear.

Florento was entirely sunharmed. Felix Ronge, the arrist, was cut up a little, and Karl showed a slight flesh wound or two, only. Five or six of the Frenchm were halfly have in the fight, and two were shot dead. Of the bandis band, eleven the Frenchm was the sundary of the prenchmen were badly have no reight mortally wounded. Treaty-five prisoners were seized, and the day was won by the French, who overpowered the others in aumbers and still. Quarters were provided for the wounded Frenchmen, and among the slain Robino was found, terribly mutilated, the desperate villain having fought like is lion, to the last moment of his existence. The whole region of country rejoired that they had thus apportunely been elided of this dreaded monster's presence, and the lieuteran march, and on the following evening returned the camp of the French, with his rescued companion in-arms, his prisoners, Florento, and the arrist.

Karl immediately presented himself at the tentr

the arist.

Karl immediately presented himself at the tent of his colonel, to thank him for his promptness and kindness in his late dillemma, whereby his life had been saved.

"I am glad to see you safely returned," said his commander. "But you are quite as much indebted to your young Italian friend's exertions and alacrity for your escape, as to the efforts of our men. But for his timely notice of your captivity, our aid would have come to you too late, it seems, for I learn that you were just about to be about, when the soldiery came in sight of you."

you."
"Yes, colonel, I appreciate his services, too."
"Where is he!" inquired the commander,
"and what is his name! He is an Italian and
may otherwise serve us here, if he is so friendly."
"Yes, I had thought of that. He is a native,
and knows the language and the country well,
I believe."

1 believe."
"Find him, and let me speak with him," said the commander. And Karl retired, after ex-plaining his late adventure and its attending circumstances to the colonel's entire satisfaction.

circumstances to the colonel's entire satisfaction. But the Italian was gone! In vain they searched for him; and though the sentinels declared that no one had passed the outposts, the friend who had served Karl so faithfully and so well could nowhere be found. He had left,—universarded for his services, too,—and Karl was greatly disappointed that, as yet, he had not learned his name, even. The colonel had not recognized him; at all, and none in the camp, axe himself, was sware that the man who had thus aided the cuptive was none other than Fictorio Deciani, one of their own rear soldiers, in diaguite.

rento Decimi, one of their own rear soldiers, in diagnite.

The report that the messenger could not be found, was not satisfactory to the colonel, and a thorough scarch was subsequently instituted, but without farther present result. Karl had been wounded, though not seriously, and be began to think of home, of his loved Neophine, of the perils be must encounter in active service, and he would have retired from the army, if it were possible. He had never before seen much hard usage, having been in the service at home, only, and from time to time, thus far, on duty in the provinces of his native land. While the colonel awaited some new development in the history of the late trouble (which he felt certain would sooner or later show itself), young Florento one day presented himself at his private marysee, and

requested the favor of seeing the commander of the regiment—if he would permit it—alene.

Totally ignorant of what the youthful soldier had to communicate, but desirous, always, to gratify the wishes of those who served under him, the colonel assented to the proposal—the humble soldier was introduced to him, and they were left in private, together.

"You recollect me, colonel," said Florento, gaily, but respectfully, "do you not, joined the regiment, just as we were leaving home, I think,—you are Florento, eth?"

"The same, colonel,—only I am not Florento."

"You are, and you are not! How's this!"

"The same, colonel,—only I am not Florento."

"You are, and you are not! How's this?"

"You are, and you are not! How's this?"

"Well, I am duly earolled in your regiment. I am soldier for the nones, but I have concluded to retire from the services. I have sufficient the colonel.

"At the late skirmish,—I was a volunteer."

"I was not aware that you joined that expedition," continued the commanding officer.

"You saw the Italian messenger," said the youth, "he who first brought you information of Karl's arrest!"

"Yes."

"That was your humble servant," said the youth, pleasantly.

"Chat was prour humble servant," said the youth, pleasantly.

"O, yes.—For that occasion."

"And so you come here to conless yourself to me privately, to save trouble when you supposed I would have ferretted your secret out—ch.?"

The bold young fellow laughed outright at this supposition of the colonel, and said:

"O, no—no! I am not so silly as that, I assure you, colonel. I have kept a more important secret than that, by far, from you,—and I do not come here on that account. Yet I have a secret which I wish to disclose to you, if you will treat if, Colonel Demais," continued the youth, in a lower tone, "that I am not so read your hands."

The officer looked sharply at his visitor a moment, and said:

"Froeed, Florento—proceed."

"I have to inform you, colonel," continued the youth, in a lower tone, "that I am not what I have appeared to you to be from the moment that we first chanced to meet, but I will explain the cause of the deception, which has been so successful. I am a woman, colonel."

"What!" shouted the colonel, jumping from his seat.

"The officer continued the commander.

successful. I am a woman, colonel."

"What "honate the colonel, jumping from his seat.

"The afflanced of Sergeant Peffer."

"What "continued the commander.

"He would go to the wars, and I resolved to follow hims. I enrolled with you. I have seen some hardship, but have never been suspected, and I have now done with military life. Karl has been wounded,—I come to ask for his discharge from the army. Will you grant this, and suffer us to return together to our home, where my father will provide for us in the future, I am sure, and where we may hereafter be happy !"
"A woman? Florento? The messenger who travelled so far to save the sergeant ?" exclaimed the colonel, amazed, and exceedingly gratified with the romance of this affair. "In say regiment, too, and nobody know aught of this Does Karl send you hither?"

"No, colonel,—I assure you be known no more of this affair than any other person in the camp, and, although I have constantly he has never aurmited that I have constantly been so near him."

"And you wish to obtain his unconditional

wrmised that I have constantly him."

"And you wish to obtain his unconditional discharge, you say?"

"See, colonel—if you will grant it."

"Be it so, then. I will see to it, at once."

"I have a surprise in store for him; too, if you will permit it."

"Yes—yes—anything you ask."

"I have carned say pay and rations, ch—colonel?"

"Vas. indeed!"

colonel 1"
"Yeas, indeed !"
"Yearsish me with what is due me, and permit me to purchase fenale attire in the town hard by. Then send for Karl, give him his due and his discharge, and introduce me to hie, in my proper habiliments, as the author of his release from the service."
"Capital!" said the colonel; "and I will add a purse of my own to your little store of gold, for your bravery and devotion."
The disguised Neophine disappeared, and four hours later she returned, with her female dresses, to the camp.

The disguised Neophine disappeared, and four hours later she returned, with her female dresses, to the camp.

The sergeant was summoned to the colonel's tent,—Neophine was near by,—the commanding officer presented Karl with his discharge from further duty, and suddenly turning about, handed in the beautiful Italian girl, whom he presented formally to the released young officer, amids his bewilderment and surprise.

Matters were quickly explained, however. Neophine declared to Karl that she could not see him leave her at home, and her love for him heave her at home, and her love for him heave her at home, and her love for him hat empted her to join his regiment and follow his fortune, as she had, in disguise. She had been instrumental in avaing his life, she had obtained his honorable discharge, and now she desired his to go home, satisfed, as she was, with what they had seen of army life. To this he assented his honorable discharge, and now she desired his to go home, satisfed, as she was, with what they had seen of army life. To this he assented, and the lovers quietly departed, in company with the artist, for the north.

Honge reached Marseilleis in safety,—the lovers were soon after happily wedded,—Karl became as uccessful vine-dresser, subsequently, and his charming Neophine proved a dutiful and valuantle wife to him in after years. Her own account of the part she took in the affair in which Karlfactory to him; but she never took from him the credit that his own safety, and the escape of his friend Ronge, was the result, mainly, of the Sangaran's Streators.

There are, in certain heads, a kind of estab-lished errors, against which reason has no weapons. There are more of these persons than one would believe. Men are very fond of proving their stradfast adherence to non-sense.

There are spirits hovering round us, Sent on messages of love;
Downward borne on sitent philons, From the realms of light above.
There are spirits, kindred spirits,
And we bathe them in our tears;
They were olidhood's smilling playm
Friends they were of early years.

And we loved them, but they fided From our sight, like flowers away; Leaving sorrow in the circles of the happy and the gay. Far away in resims immortal, They are of the angel van; Doves, with olive-paims of mercy, For the troubled soul of man.

MARKED AND NUMBERED:

A CURE FOR THE OYSTER CHOLERA.

HAVE you ever traversed the valley of the Merrimac, goule reader? If not, you have missed a pleasant path in your travels, and let me advise you next summer to expiore the banks of the giant motive power of New England—a stream worthy of praise, although formidably damined from Lawrence, upwards.

Many a pleasant retrieve will you find nestled among precipitous hills, overshadowed by majestic trees, and commanding find eviews of the blan river near by, with the dim white mountains far in the background. But not a village, in my opinion, will begin to compare with Hamilton corner—mind, I said corner. Some fancy Hamilton depot, on the railton-dothers, West Hamilton depot, on the railton-dothers, West Hamilton depot, on the railton-dothers, West Hamilton and the second of the railed-others, Hamiltonis, where the post be raised-others, Hamiltonis, where the post old lady classically remarked, and I like Hamilton corner. Should you write me, friend reader, direct to the corner, or your episate will go the rounds like a Wandering Jew in the butcher's cart. But we at the corner always get our letters by the milk wagon, and have them put linto mild eigar box in Colonel Israel Clark's store. The colonel is also landiord of the old stagestawers, (besides being justice of the peace and school committee,) and greatly did the hearts of those of us who board there rejoice when, returning from his fall visit to Boston, he brought a goodly keg of cysters!

Are not the bivalves promotive of cholera?'

"If you think so," tratify replied Col. Israel Clark, "deon't eat none." Remember, gould creader, there was no other hotel in any or all of the Hamiltons, so our landlord was not over obsequings.

"I have no desire to contract the pestilential epidenic." Domposaly responded Sonive Croe-

the Hammons, to our assessments escapions.

"I have no desire to contract the pestilential epidemic," pomponsily responded Squire Croetor, "especially as it first deprives the patient of all powers of utterance." And then, with an air of offended majesty, he staked to his seven by nine office, to regret his instinuation. He really had a love for the luscious shell fish.

What a crowd there was in the tayern barn

nme office, to regret his insinuation. He really had a love for the luscious shell fish.

What a crowd there was in the tavern harm the next night, and how quick Col. Isracl Clark's corn was husked out! The like had never been known before, neither had oysters ever figured on a husking supper table. Valiant men, who had often visited Boston, conjectured how they (the oysters) would be served up, and one verdant youth wondered if they caught oysters with a hook. By way of punishment, he was made to bring two pails of new cider, which was soon quanfied.

The corn was in the cribs, the seed eart tried up, the nubbins in the hog-pen, and then all went in to supper. What piles of pies, what pans of doughnuts, what a glorious cheese, and then the oysters! Steved in rich milk, they floated about, like happy islands on the sea of delight. But they soon disappeared, and when the womenfolks and children came in afterwards, the sea of delight was 4xym entiter was an oyster siet visible.

Just as the huskers were starting to oo home.

detignt was dry neither was an oyster islet visible.

Just as the huskers were starting to go home, up drove the agent of the Archimedean Remedy—the grand lever upon which all crises moved. He had been belated, but had retained his appetite, although he looked rather glum when he learned that there had been crysters.

"Never mind," said he, "I sha'n't find my tongue turning back, and have to take a bottle of the Archimedean—price fifty cents, with a liberal discount to the trade."

Now its happened that he had to room with Philip Brown, who keeps the candy store, and about midnight such a row as Phil kicked up. He kept a kicking it up too, and soon his room was crowded.

about minnight such a row as I'nii Acced up. He kept a kicking it up too, and soon bis room was crowded.

"He's got the cholera—sure case," said the agent of the Archimedean remedy, "and I'm afraid he didn't wake me quick enough. When he did, I went to my wagon for a bottle of the remedy, and he's taken it. Just look at him. I call him 'case one,' and if he recovers, must have a certificate."

"Oh! boo! hoo! hoo!" blubbered Phil, as he lay rolling like a stuffed pig; "I'm a gone-er! Look at my longue."

"There," exclaimed the agent. "It's as black as my hat. So mach for oysters. Will any other genkleman try the remedy in time."

Somehow, nearly very one of ms just then had some twinges, and poor Phil roared the louder, large drops of perspiration streaming down his woeful face.

back.

"Stop! I'll begin on the right. Here, Mr.
Vial, you're number two. I must have a certificate from you when cured. Here's your medicate, the real panaesa, cures everything, and only fifty cents, with a liberal discount to the trade."

back the spoon, when the delighted agent called out:

"Next man! you're number three. Here is your bain of health, and remember—outh infly cents a bottle, with a liberal discount to the trade."

Feeling really quite indisposed, I retired to my own room, where my curiosity soon led me to inspect myself in the glass. To my horror I found my tongue swellen, and jet black. I was really a victim, and bewailed the hour when I tasted the infected biralves. Beturning to Phil. Brown's room, I found half of the household assembled, and apparently in great distress. There was one exception, the agent, who reashed about from number one to the other numerals, but seemed to think his chances of certificates grew beautifully loss.

seemed to think his chances of certificates grew beautifully loss.

"Where was Doctor Hartshorn?"
Alas, our messengers could not find him.—
They did not know at the house whether he had been called to Hamiltowille, gor to Hamiltoon training-field, or to Hamiltoon. Perhaps too he was gone to West Hackleberry, or to Sparts Depot. Who could tell! But oh! how we suffered!

he was gone to West Huckleberry, or to Sparta Depot. Who could tell ! But oh ! how we saffered!

Day arrived at last, and soon after came the doctor. He looked wondrous wise, felt our pulses, from number one to number a stateen, but could not seem to make up an opinion. Meanwhile we availed our fates with resignation, excepting Phil. Brown, who continued to cry. "Really, gentlemen!" How we hung on his words, as the fabled bees hang on the lips of the Athenian orator. "Really, gentlemen, I can see no signs of cholera."

"No signs of cholera!" shouted the indignant agent. "Look at their tongues, sir! Pat out your tongues, gentlemen. I can see no signs of cholera."

"No signs of cholera!" shouted the indignant agent. "Look at their tongues, sir! Pat out your tongues, gentlemen! Regular cyster cholera—but it has been mastered by the Archimedean Remedy—price fifty cents—with a liberal discount to the trade."

"Archimedean didlesticks," said the doctor, as he began to examine Phil's tongue, and then gazed around at our protraded organs of speech—all in sombre black. "But what can this be!"

"Archimedean didlesticks," said the doctor, as he began to examine Phil's tongue, and then gazed around at our protraded organs of speech—all in sombre black. "But what can this be!"

"The regular oyster cholers," said the agent. "But there's Bill Hayne's wagon, as sure as I live. Why, how d'ye do, Bill!" he continued, as a talb-sided Yankee entered the room. "How! That's a good one, arter I rid all night to catch your !"

"To catch me!"

"Go that "we call echoed, looking more uncombrable than ever, while bewilderment was depicted upon the doctor's countenance."

"Why, indelible ink! that's what I trade in, and real good 'tis."

We looked at each other, then at the frightened agent, and then at the doctor. He, worthy soul, burst out too a hearty langh, in which we finally joined.

"Really," asid he at length, "new cider and oysters may have slightly disagreed with you, gentlemen, but your compliaints are."

"Me looked at each othe

THE OLD COCK.

THE OLD COCK.

The principal in a tthe head of Windemere had been known as the Cock; but the landford, by way of a compliment to this distinguished neighbor (Richard Watson, Bishop of Liandarf) substituted the "Bishop" as the new sign. An innkeeper, close by, who had frequently envied mine has of the Cock for his good fortune in a vantage of the change, and attracted many travellers to his house by parting up the sign of the Cock. The landford with the new sign was much disconfitted at seeing many of his old customers deposited at his rival setablishment; so under the portrait of the bishop, "This is wis Old Cock 1"—Jester's Bislopt.

A FAIR RETORT.

When Lord Ellenborough was Lord Chief Justice, a laboring bricklayer was called as a witness. When he came to be sworn, his lordship said to him: sileness, when you have to appear before this court, it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance."

"Upon my life," said the witness, "if your lordship comes to that, I'm thinking I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship."

"How do you mean, sir ?" said his lordship, angrily.

"Why, faith," said the laborer, "you come here in your working-dress, and I'm come in mine."

CLEVER CHLDREN.

CLEVER CHLDREN.

The anxiety to make clever children defeats itself; it spolis thou ands who might be clever men. Not a few, and those the most promising —children, for example, like Hardley Coleridge—children, for example, like Hardley Coleridge—children, bensitvely kept back, not urged orward. In his pittable case, it was not the pre-unitary to the consciousness of self. Games at play with other boys would have been far better for him, than tosi it istening with greedy ears to the philosophers of the lakes—North Potrial Review.

The story of Brummel, had the people been ro anstere, as to seel to its leading points, it amusing which he trampled seel to its ending points, it amusing which he trampled down the haughtiest of the high nobility of England, was splendid—because successful. His grandfather kept a small confectionary shop in Bury street, 8t. James, pool, then almost obscure, lodged in his house, pool, then almost obscure, lodged in his house, pool, then almost obscure, lodged in his house, look his son as a sceretary, goo him office under Lord North, and allowed him to feather his nest owell, that at his death, in 1794, there was sixty-five thousand pounds to divide among two well, while early in his teens, that the prefix of "Bean" was then pit to his name. In Unford he affected to be exclusive, and on his presented with a corractery in the tenth Hussars, by the Prince of Wales, colonel of that regiment. Henceforth he was the Prince's constant companion. In two years bewas a captain, and them-the presented with a corractery in the tenth Hussars, by the Prince of Wales, colonel of that regiment. Henceforth he was the Prince's constant companion. In two years bewas a captain, and them-the man at large. This was before he was eventy-one, and the only reason assigned was, that the regiment was ordered to Manchester, which he considered decidedity vulgar.

He standed as an independent gentleman, on the was a captain, and then only reason assigned was, that the regiment was ordered to Manchester, which he considered decidedity vulgar.

He standed as an independent gentleman, on the standard was a captain, and then orwand a large. This was before he was eventy-one, and the only reason assigned was, that the regiment was ordered to Manchester, which he considered decidedity walls.

He was a standard was a standard was a standard was a standard with the part of the part

THE EX-PROTECTOR.

In the reign of Queen Anne, when the aged Richard Crounwell came up to Westminster to give evidence in a vexations law suit at the Court of King's Bench, caused by his daughter's life conduct, he happened to stroll out into the House of Lords. A country gendeman, believing him from his simple dress to be a stranger, asked a seene. "Never," said the old man, "since I ast in that chair," pointing to the throne.—Historical Ancedotes.

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HE NEVER THOUGHT:

COUSIN NELLY'S LESSON.

MRS. N. T. MORRON.

MRS. SAUNDERS sati in the fiding twilight by the window, with a letter in her hand which has he had evidently read, and upon the contents of which she was still pondering. While she than sat, the door opened and her niece Nelly Bright, who was now paying her a visit, entered.

"Well, aunty," said she, in a light, gay tone, "of what are you thinking, sitting here in the 'gloaming' all alone? A h," continued she, observing the letter, "have you had a letter since I left you! Who is it from, aunty dear?"

"From Thomas."

"Good news, I hope t"
"Yes, he is coming home to-morrow."

"Yes, he is coming home to-morrow."

Nolly chapped her nitto water with him."
"And he brings his lady-love with him."
"Lady-love! I didn't know Cousin Thomas was engaged."
"Meither did I, till informed by this letter."
"Meither did I, till informed by this letter."
"However," aad Nelly, "the more the merrier; what is her name?"
"Her name is & Ads Somers."
"A petty name. What kind of a lady do you suppose your son Thomas would fancy, annly dear?"

I can't say Nelly, I am sure," said she

"Don't know, then, whether he likes blue ey or black, light hair or dark, slight figures or fi

"Don't know, una, new or or black, light hair or dark, slight figures or figures more substantial?"
"No, I am sure I don't," replied her aunt, still laughing, "but to-morrow will show us. We must be up betimes in the morning, for I must make some apple pies of which Thomas is very fond, and we must also have some of those ine chickens killed yoo have petted so much."
"O," cried Nelly, "must my darling chickens saffler for this new comer! O Thomas, thou little knowest how in the death of those ama chickens the heart of thy cousin must suffer. These mothers," continued she, "have a great deal to answer for; they get their darling sons and pamper their appetites with pies and chickens, and for this, in after years, the wife must suffer. Here will never be as nice as the pies of his childner their apprities with pies and chickens, and for this, in after years, the wife must suffer. Her pies will mover be as rice as the pie of his child-hood—her breadt will never be as light as his mother's—her chickens will never be flavored like the chickens of his boyhood—she may never hope to have anything quite equal to that immaculate womans, had mother. If I ever marry I mean to marry a man brought up by some cross step-mother. I never could stand a comparison with a woman like yourself, annly. My husband shall never come into the house and says, 'Nelly, I do wish I could once taste bread like my mother's. My mother used to do things so and so, and why don't you? Deliver me from a man, mother-spoiled. I mean to marry a man whose childhood was not over happy, a man without any sister or mother, or anybody to love but my own self, and then wouldn't I be all the world to him. He should think that everything I did was beautiful, and I would love him with my whole heart, and try hard to please him, but I could never bear this continued comparison to a mother, or favortie sister. But how I am running on, and I declare, annly has gone and left me, so my eloquence has been all wasted.''

So Nelly, who never liked to be alone, made

gone and left me, so my eloquence has been all wasted."

So Nelly, who never liked to be alone, made haste to go in quest of her aunt.

How busy was everybody next morning in the house of Mrs. Saunders. One would have thought, to have looked upon the quantity of white thaky pies, and nice loaves of cake, that came out of the oven, that a company of forty was expected, instead of a single gentleman and lady.

At last the cakes and pies were all baked, the chickens were turning a beautiful town in the coven, Mrs. Saunders had donned her best cap and one of her prettiest dresses, and Nelly had gone down to the depot to meet Courin Thomas and his lady.

Of course she should know them though she had not seen her cousin since they were children. The train came at last, thricking along the track and stopped. Nelly was all eyes to see who should get out. Only a gentleman and lady—there was no room to doubt, Cousin Thomas and his lady.

Nelly advanced, holding out her hand to the gentleman was her as a loss for words.

"You don't know me, Cousin Thomas, as in-lead why should got a hur have been sent her dead whe should son? In the have never at a loss for words.

Nelly advanced, holding out her hand to the gentleman—ahe was never at a loss for words.

"You don't know me, Coasin Thomas, as indeed, why should you? but I have been sent by that good woman, your mother, and my aunt to welcome you and this lady", "giving her hand to the lady in the most easy, graceful manner possible. "I am your cousin, Nelly Bright, at your service, sir."

Thomas shook hands with her and declared himself very glad to see her, thinking all the while that his cousin was very forwar. "And this," said Nelly, "I am left to believe, is Miss Somers, whom my aunt has mentioned to me?"

to me?"

"The same," said the young lady addressed, smiling very sweetly, and adding, "I am very glad to see you, and hope we shall be good friends."

"Of course we shall, of course we shall," said

"Of course we shall, of course we shall," said Nelly.
They then started to walk home, as the dis-tance was but short. Nelly noticed that Miss Somers was carrying quite a large carpet bag, and to her surprise her cousin did not offer to take it from her.
"What's the man thinking of?" thought she; "he don't deserve to have a lady, if he can't treat her better."
"Miss Somers," said she, "allow me to assist non in carrying that careste her.

"清

"Miss Somers," eard she, "allow me to assist you in earrying that expest beg it? So saying she took hold of the other sided with Ada. Cousin Thomas all the while being defa and blind to this broad hist of Nelly's. The ladies chatted and laughed, and were quite well exquainted ere they reached home.

Thomas shock hands with his mother, greet-ling her with becoming fillial affection, and intro-

thought within herself, she looks very pretty and smiable.

They were a merry party around the dimerstable. Thous did ample justice to the ince chickens, and Nelly was half a mind to quarrel with him for eating with such evident reliah the chickens sie had fed and petted.

"Cousin Thomas," said she, "did you know that this dimer has cost me dear?"

"Why, Cousin Sully, do you put the bills!"

"No, but any injured feelings," said she, with a mock, sentimental air.

"What can you mean, cousin!" said he; but still continuing to est.

"I relier," said she, "to these chickens, which I had loved and petted from their chickenbood, I have the said the said the first had been deeply wounded."

"I am very sorry," said he, "that my visit should have caused you such grief; but the chickens are very ince, and in referring to them will not be the said the said the said the words of a great poet. "Nothing in their life so became them as the leaving it."

"O what a cruel, selish man you ace," said Nelly, laughing. "But Miss Somers, your plate is empty; allow me to do the honors of the table, as the gentlema is too bay looking into his own dish, to notice anything else!"

"That is right, cousin, I detest waiting upon the table."

"Yes," said the, "I thought so, but it is one

the table."
"Yes," said she, "I thought so, but it is one of the things which you must learn, if you intend to—"
"You need go no further, Nelly, I understand."
"Straws show."

"You need go no further, Nelly, I under-stand."

"Straws show which way the wind blows," said Nelly Bright to herself, when she had re-tired to her room that night. "In one day I think I have read Cousin Thomas very well. I doubt not I know him better than Miss Ada Somers, for love you know, is blind. He is a nice man enough, I know; there is nothing bad about him—I'll venture to say he has no bad habits. He is pleasant enough, too, that is if nothing frest shim, and I guess he loves that lit-tle lady of his very much; but Cousin Thomas, you are no trefted any more than the reat of mankind; you are a little selfah, all little bit thoughtless of others, not from any coldess of heart, but because it has never come into your head that the thousand and one little attentions we owe to each other are neces-ary to the comfort and happiness of these around an.

your head that the thousand and one little attentions we owe to each other are nacessary to the comfort and happiness of those around us.

"Yes, I saw how it was when he let Ada come home bringing that great carpet-bag, and she, little timid thing, wouldn't ask him to take it; and he never thought but a lady could make a week's visit without a carpet bag. Now I should have handed it over to him as a matter of course, put it right in his face and eyes, so he could have handed it over to him as a matter of course, put it right in his face and eyes, so he could have hended it over to him as a matter of course, put it right in his face and eyes, so he could have hended it over to him as a matter of course, put it right hat those we plague the most love us the best."

All this Nelly said to herself as the let down her long black hair and combed it back preparatory to retining to rest.

"I'll see if I can't shame him out of this; it would be a deed of mercy to that delicate, timid creature who is to be his wife. I know just how it will be," and Nelly heaved a sigh. "I know it's rather late to form new habits, but better late han never."

The next morning was beautiful and bright."

"I'm len was may know the heaving was dead to the pring," said Nelly. This was soon agreed upon, and they started.

They had reached the garden gate when Nelly weakhaimed, "Miss Somers, we shall certainly need our shades, the sum is very hot."

"I will run and get them," said she,
"Poob, Ada, how foolish! do you suppose your gallant knight would allow you to do such a thing? Sir knight," said she, turning to Thomas, "the heat is opperasive, two ladies fair are fearful of spoiling their complexion, and would crave your aid to procure two sannshades lying upon the hall table in yonder mansion; need I pay further?"

Thomas could not refuse; and being as Nelly had said good-natured, he langbed at her request, and did the errand with a good grace.

During the walk, Nelly continued to keep her cousin fully employed. If there was a flower in anyo

beyond her reach.

"It is of no consequence," said she.

"Here, Cousin Thomas," said Nelly, "here is a place where you can getsome—just step on this stone, then on that, and there are full half a dozen within reach."

"It isn't worth while," said Ada, "just for my sake."

"It isn't worth while," said Ada, "just for my sake."
"Pools," said Nelly, "I know he'll be delighted to get them for you, should he wet his feet a little, what matter! We must have some, certaisly."

Ther was no refusal. Thomas did as he was ordered, and soon bore to the shore some of the fairest and best lilles. True, he wet his feet, and Nelly knew he would, but what matter? The wind had risen daring their walk, and they were now at the top of a high hill. All at no Nelly uttered a cery; the wind had taken her sunshade, and it was now going with numerous gyrations down the hill. The ladies stood and gazed—and so did the gentleman. "Help, Cousin Thomas, do you not see my distress? do run and secure it for me, or it will go into the pond among the lilles."

So Thomas started, as upon second thought

go into the pond among the illies."
So Thomas started, as upon second thought he considered it would be better to secure the shade before it reached the water, as he doubted poot if it should chance to rest with the Illies he would very coolly be sent there after it.
He had the good fortune to secure it before it reached the water, but he had quite a chase

down the hill, and not only down the hill, but he had the long distance to, climb up again, as of course the shade had gone down on the sunny

of course the shade had gone down on the sunny side.

There was a merry twinkle in Nelly's eyes as a ke warched her consin tolling up the steep ascent, quite out of breath. The consin', said she, "I will be more careful for the future. I am afraid you will think me troublesome."

Thank you, could be future. I am afraid you will think me troublesome."

Thomas did not reply, but bowed very politely. He did in his heart think ahe needed agreat deal of waiting upon, but he said nothing. When they returned they sat down in Mrs. Saunder's pleasant parior, and Nelly asked Adiif she did not play the plano. She replied in the affirmative. She then played with great skill and accuracy, showing a perfect knowledge of the rules of music, and also an excellent taste. She sang too, very sweetly, and Nelly was perfectly charmed.

Nelly then sat down to the instrument. She could play very well, and was a very fine singer. But just now she seemed to have great trouble in tarning the leaves of the music book.

"Cousin Thomas," said she, at last, "I wish you would be so kind as to stand here and turn these leaves for me. I can't tell I'm sure, what alls them, they trouble me exceedingly."

So Cousin Thomas steeped up to the piano, and did as he was bid.

After they had had enough of music, they had a pleasant conversation, and Thomas and his lady found that Nelly was not all fun and lightness, as one might at first suppose. Her mind was well informed, and her reading extensive, and when she chose to please in conversation, she could do so. Now she entertained them by her brillianey and good sense, and she rose quite fast in her cousin's good opinion.

The next determined to give him no rest. Still Thomas, victim though to give him no rest. Still Thomas, victim though to give him no rest. Still Thomas, victim though to give him no rest. Still Thomas, victim though to give him no rest. Still Thomas, victim though to give him no rest. Still Thomas, victim though to give him no rest. Still Thomas, victim though to give him no rest. S

requested.
"Do you like riding horseback?" said Nelly to Ada, as they were sitting together one very

to Ads, as they were sitting together one very fine morning,
"O, very much, but I have not rode lately."
"Why not, does not Thomas ride ?"
"I heliave not."
"Does he know you are fond of it?"
"Polubly not."
"Then I suppose you never mentioned to him your fondness for the exercise?"
"No. Why should I?"
"No. Why should I?"
"No. Why should I?"
"No. Why should I?"
"No, Why should I?"
"No, Tused you are. You should mention to him what would give you pleasure, so that he might have the pleasure of graiffying you. So he never asked if you liked riding?"
"No, I used to ride with my brother before—"
"Before Mr. Thomas Saunders came along. Ah, I understand. Did he not know of it?"
"Yes, I think he did, but I think he's not fond of it himself."
"Ah, and so you never let him know how very

"Yes, I think he did, but I think he's not fond of it himself."
"Ah, and so you never let him know how very fond you were of the exercise?"
"No."
"Well, now, Ada, you shall have a ride before you go away. There is just the nicest lady's horse at the stable."
"But I have both, and ride you shall."
"But Nelly, indeed I'd rather you wouldn't mention it to Thomas."
"But Ala, let me tell you, you are altogether too fastifious, it's no use—no use whatever, you are just making trouble for yourself. Quite likely, indeed I know, Cousin Thomas would be delighted to carry you to ride, only he doesn't think of it. Now I hold it is your duty to make him think, and if you are too modest to do it for you. And that is just what I am going to do."
Nelly started for the garden, for she knew Thomas was there.
"Cousin Thomas," said she. "are you fond

Nelly started for the garden, for she knew Thomas was the re.

"Cousin Thomas," said she, "are you fond of horseback riding ?"

"Not very," said he.

"That is unfortunate. I was going to ask you to ride. But you would ri

pose to "No, cousin, I am not teasing for myself; if I wished to ride, I should go order my
here and eccort and be off."
Thomas laughed, and sho continued:
"But now there is Ada, who has imparted to
me as a great secret that she is passionately fond
of horseback riding."
"Ah, I was not aware of it, yet stop, I recollect now she used to ride with her brother."
"Whe when, as a most duffill lover, hav you

of horseback riding."

"Ah, I was not aware of it, yet stop, I recollect now she used to ride with her brother."

"Why, then, as a most duriful lover, have you never asked if she did not still like the exercise!"

"Why, Nelly, I never thought of it."

She shook her head.

"Ah, never-thought-of-it has to corer a multitude of sins. And Ada never dares to ask a favor of you, let her want it ever so much."

The lover thoughts amoment. Nelly watched him. "One point gained," thought at she, "he is learning to think."

"Ada isn't so exacting a person as some others, is she, Thomas! She doem't send you for flowers, and to rescue sunshades, or turn music leaves, or a hundred other things more essential, which a woman needs. No, Ada is not of these. Her sensitive heart keeps its wants and estires hidden; and the man who is to make her happy, must think, if not I fear her life will not be a happy one. Don't think I am meddling with what is none of my business, will you, cousin?" said she, going up to him and smiling

in his face. "Cousin Nelly takes great liberties and is very forward, but you will forgive the act

for the motive."

The next morning two horses stood at the door, and one hore a lady's saddle, and Kelly stood by his side, stroking his mane and talking to him in a low, gentle voice.

Pretty soon out comes Mr. Thomas, and Miss Ada, looking bright and happy. Nelly's habit and cap fitted Ada to perfection, and she well became them.

and, soosing origit and nappy. Serily a noil and cap fitted Ada to perfection, and she well became them.

"What a nice ride you'll have, Ada," whispered Nelly, "thank me for is, wont you !"
She smiled and looked very happy, as Thomas assisted her in mounting.

"Take good care of her, Thomas, don't forget that she needs a little seeing to; that horse is used to a wild rider, no less a personage than myself, and sometimes cuts up queer antice. Good morning to you, and a pleasant ride.

And away they went over the smooth road, and Nelly went in with a roguish smile upon her pretty face. "He is not too far gone, I guess. I'll make something of him, yet." Thomas and Ada sat alone that afternoon.

"How do you like my cousia, Nelly !" said he.

Thomas and Ada sat alone that afternoon. "How do you like my cousin, Nelly?" said he.

"O, I like her much," was the reply. "She is so free and open, and so kind-hearted withal, and affectionate."

"She is somewhat peculiar," said he.
"Perhaps she is, but I like her notwithstanding."

"And so do I," was the reply, "for beneath all her fun and queer notions is always hidden some good motive, some purpose which she works out in her own way. Now it isn't always pleasant to be told of one's faults and short-comings, but she has made me see some of mine. She has given me to-day the key which explains all her actions since we have been here. It was not a mere caprice that sent me after sunshades and flowers. She saw that I was lacking in politeness, and was swithal a little sunshades and flowers. She saw that I was lacking in politeness, and when the same too what a timid, sensitive creature I was treating so improperly, and in her own way has held the glass up to my actions, and upon reflection, I think I can and must improve upon them. And part of this lesson my little Ada, must be for that which will conduce to your happiness, and do not to afraid to speak. Ask for that which will conduce to your happiness, and do not impute the seeming neglect or thought-tessuess to any want of affection."

Just at this moment Nelly entered the room, Just started back and was about to leave, when

lessness to any want of affection."

Just at this moment Nelly entered the room, but started back and was about to leave, when she saw them in earnest conversation.

'Do not go Nelly," said Thomas; "we are glad to see you, we were just talking of you."
'A prointable salipet for conversation," said she, laughing merrily.
'Do you know," said he, "what I thought of you the first day or two after. I came bere."
'O yes, you thought me a tresome, meddling thing, and one that wanted a great deal of waiting upon."

"O yes, you thought me a tiresome, meddling thing, and one that wanted a great deal of waiting upon."

"A fact, Nelly."

"O I knew it all you then, but it was all for your good."

"I believe you now, and I think Ads ought to thank you for what you have done."

"And now do you know, cousin mine," said Nelly, "what I thought of you the first day or two after you came here?"

"O yes; you though! I was a very impolite, thoughtless sort of a fellow."

"That is true; but then I considered that you had been a spoiled boy, and I knew that you were worth trying to do something for. All you were worth trying to do something for. All you meeded was to be made to think. And then for Ada's sake, for I took a great liking to her and did not want her to have just such a hasband as I knew you would make her in your unregents state. I though I would venture to see what I could do. Now I dislike as much as any one, to see a man nothing but a woman-waiter, but I like to see him thoughtful of some one's comfort beside his own.

"When I saw you, Cousin Thomas, get out the cars the other day. I noticed in the first

but I like to see him thoughtful of some one's comfort beside his own.

"When I saw you, Cousin Thomas, get out of the cars the other day, I noticed in the first place, you did not turn round to wait upon Ada out, you left that for the conductor to do; and then you did not take her carpet-bag from her hand, though it was heavy. There," said I, "he never thought of these things, if he had, he would have done them.

"Well, I saw that Ada never asked you to do these little favors for her, if she had, I should not have meddied. A woman ready as myself to ask a favor, will get along, never fear. I saw how it would be, and I thought I would try and make you think:
"It is a great thing to form a good habit, so in the first place I thought I would licarry you to that the present the program of the control of the

wais upon me, and then you would find it easy, was sure, to wait upon Ada. I must give you redit for being very quick to take a hint."

"But then, Nelly, the hint was a very broad

one."

"It was, Thomas, but you must consider I had but little time to work in, you go away to-morrow. I must finish my course of lessons before your departure. Now I hope you'll not think of me too harshly. I was afraid Ada might be jealous of me, and think I was trying to appropriate you to myself, but I don't think of her more than he ever has done, I know think of her more than he ever has done, I know a You didn't think 1 the You didn't think 1 could be so serious, did you?"

"You are a queer genius, Nelly."

you i"
Just then the tea-bell rang, and Thomas, with
an air of mock gallantry, gave an arm to each
of the ladies.
"Now don't over-do it, I beg, and don't leave
all your higher duties to render yourself agreeable to the fair sex, though I hardly think there
is much danger. And Ada, if you ever find that
he is forgetting what I have been trying to teach
him, just ask him'if he remembers Cousin Nelly's
lesson."

Fortune is never more deceitful than wh seemeth most to favor. He that is Croe day, may be Codrus to-morrow.

Jester's Picnic.

There is something very grotesque in the an-exed "Invitation to Mount Blanc," by a Yan-ee traveller in Switzerland:

e traveller in Switzerland: we do Alouel hisse? I row The glad to meel ye! thunderid grist o' miles I've come to greet ye. I found aneries, where we have go is found anies, sayers, 'its called, where you might lave urmighty phis: then you could white and share old Kentucky—in the Mammoth Care: take a snoon, when you're in you not frest, our big prairie, in the first, far West; when you're they rapht tool your bested liver, or our big prairie, in the far, far West;
Or when you're dry, might cool your heated it
By sipping up the Mississippi river.
As for comparisons, should you wish for any,
Why, we've the Catakill and the Alleghany.
You may accept them with impunity;
They both stand high in our community.
Offer an a call; you'd almost step from hour folks all lone to

The queerest object in existence is a Spani beggar, for these beggars beg on horseback; a it is a queer thing to see a mar riding up to it is a queer thing to see a mar riding up to in Valparaiso, being stopped by one of the mounted beggars, replied, "Why, sir, do y come to beg of me, who have got to go on for while you ride on horseback." "Weyr more to be at the beggar, "and I have more to be at the proper of the property of

A young lady out west says: When I go to the theatre, I am very careless of my dross, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church, I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbour dress and deport themselves.

An editorial friend says that "one roll or enge" will enable you to walk right as into the distribution of the right of the control of the co

One of the early ministers of Malden h several children to baptize, pronounced the of the first John. When the second was be forward, be said, "This child, whose na John also, I baptize," &c. The individua ever after known by the name of 'also."

Never nod to an acquaintance at an auction. We did so once, and when the sale closed we found four broken chairs, six cracked flower-pots, and a knock kneed bedstead knocked down to us. What we intended as nods to a friend had been taken by the auctioneer as bids for the kitchen furniture.

"Please, mister, give me a bundle of hay?"
"Yes, my son. Sixpenny or shilling bun

e?"
"Shillin'."
"Is it for your father?"
"No, guess 'taint—that's for the hoss. My
ther don't eat hay!"

A boy at a crossing begged something of a gentleman, who told him that he would give him something as he came back.

The boy replied, "Your honor would be surprised if you knew how much money I lose by giving credit in that way."

A facetious boy asked one of his playmates— Why a hardware dealer was like a boot mak-r?" The latter, somewhat puzzied, gave it up. Why," said the other, "because the one sold he nails and the other nailed soles."

"Dear sir," lisped a great-lady, in a watered silk, at the World's Fair, "have the goodness to inform me if there are any noblemen in the United States "As, ma'am," answered a full fed Jonathan, "I am one of them."

"Jack, did you carry that umbrella home that I borrowed yesterday?" "No father; you have often told me to lay up something for a rainy day, and as I thought it would rain before long, I have laid the umbrella up."

A genius in New Bedford is fitting up a steamer for the purpose of towing jeebergs to India, where they soll for six cents a pound. Another proposes to do still better—to fit a screw in the iceberg itself, and thus avoid the expense of ship building. Cate chaps both of 'em.

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